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January/February 1984 Vol. XXI, No. 1

American West

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Cover

A bright red nose emphasizing her great size, the Sea Fury "Dreadnought" wears a victory flower wreath over one shiny propeller blade at the National Championship Air Races in Reno, Nevada. "Dreadnought" is one of the treasured planes of World War II vintage that gathered at Reno for the famous races of the Unlimiteds. Some men and women show their affection for these veterans by lavishing care upon every inch of the plane. Others demonstrate their love of the craft by daring flights around racing pylons, pushing their luck to the limit a few feet above the ground. To experience the excitement and tension of the Reno Air Races, turn to Michael Parfit's story about these aging planes and the people who cherish them.

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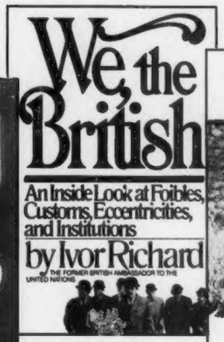

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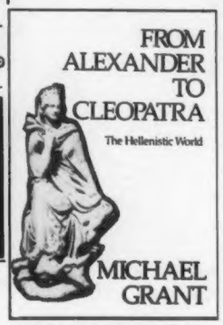

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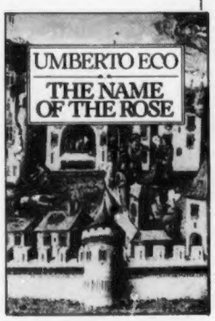

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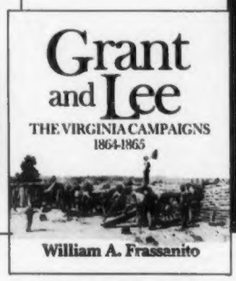

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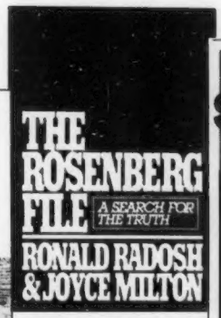

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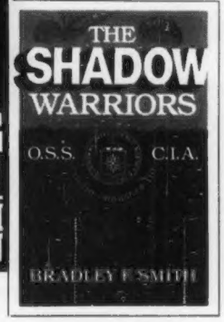

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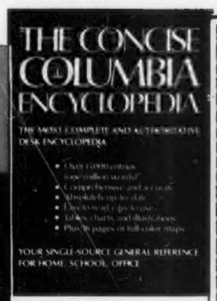

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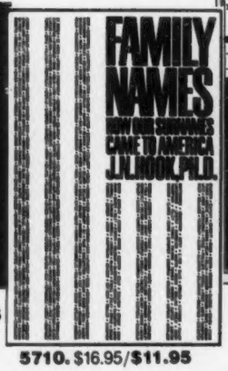

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(Left to right) **WALLACE STEGNER,** PHOTO BY LEO HOLUB FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH WALLACE STEGNER ON WESTERN HISTORY AND LITERATURE, COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF UTAH PRESS. **RAY BILLINGTON,** COURTESY THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY. **TOM PEW,** PHOTO BY D. P. NEWTON.

In the struggle between continuity and change, it is usually continuity that wins.—Lucretius

On or about this day twenty years ago, in the winter of 1964, a group of men and women who knew and loved the West put the finishing touches on Volume I, Number 1 of AMERICAN WEST magazine. A. R. Mortensen was the editor, and Ray A. Billington wrote the first "View from the West"—although in those days the column in this space didn't have a title—calling it "A greeting and a challenge . . . "

Billington's greeting and challenge dedicated AMERICAN WEST magazine to "the principle of supplying a wide audience with sound but readable accounts of the continent's most entrancing region."

Simultaneous with this publishing event in Salt Lake City, Utah, twenty years ago, your present editor (then, Infantry Private First Class Thomas Pew) was being honorably discharged (from two years of marching, shooting, and freezing) at that notable western army post Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, situated in the heartland of Jessie James country.

I like to think that conjunctions of this kind do not happen just by chance, and that my fascination with the unreconstructed frontier towns of mid-Missouri that I explored during every spare moment I had off at Fort Leonard Wood was something more than just a restless soldier's search for farm roads that did not run the long lines and inspection gauntlet of the post's main gate. Actually I discovered many of both—hidden farm roads that entered the military base, and hidden Missouri towns—and I made good use of both, acquiring, as it turned out, a fascination with places where the frontier West was still alive, and some spare time to think about my career ahead as a writer and editor.

Thus it falls as my opportunity twenty years later—twenty years for both AMERICAN WEST and me—to dedicate or rededicate this magazine for the future. But rack my writer's word-pool for noble, original sentiments as I might, I cannot come up with a more fitting or more succinct dedication than Ray Billington's Volume I, Number 1 desire to "supply a wide audience with sound but readable accounts of the continent's most entrancing region." Furthermore, when I choose to expand on the purpose of Billington's dedication, as I see it, I find myself quoting from yet another AMERICAN WEST editor, Wallace Stegner, when he assumed editorship of this magazine in 1967.

Stegner said that like most of us in the West today: "As one who grew up without history, who has had to find an orphan's place in someone else's tradition or do something about discovering and comprehending his own, I have the hope, perhaps an inflated one, that THE AMERICAN WEST can help a great many westerners, native and immigrant alike, locate themselves in place and time, and take their places as members of a society with a known tradition and a legitimate traditional pride."

On the occasion of that editorial, Stegner noted that "A new editor need only describe what he inherits, and clarify his own relationship to it."

What we have inherited is a twenty-year tradition of fine magazines; our own relationship to it is to continue this tradition, find Billington's "wide audience" and in Stegner's words "help a great many westerners, native and immigrant alike, locate themselves in place and time" here in the West.

Of course we're also out to produce a beautiful and entertaining magazine, for as historian Barbara Tuchman puts it, the ultimate question is, "Will the reader turn the page?"

We think we have some new page-turners in this issue and in the twentieth AMERICAN WEST year ahead. In addition to our usual fare of articles on the frontier and pioneers (yesterday and today), on archeology, paleontology, art and artifacts, as well as the several departments we introduced on traditional food, hidden inns, and Western Lookout to the magazine three years ago, we are starting a regular department called Western Geology Illustrated, and we are introducing a new department, Western Art Notes, where the magazine's editors will select and feature all of those gallery and Western museum announcements and events that are of particular interest to a large and growing segment of Americans.

With more of the same planned in the year and years ahead we don't think it's too inflated a goal to offer the West—"the continent's most entrancing region"—a magazine to match its boundaries in size and celebration.

As we see it today at AMERICAN WEST, some of the outward appearances of the magazine have changed, but the challenge as Ray Billington put it down in this space twenty years ago, and as Wallace Stegner elaborated upon some years later, remains the same.

Tom Pew

American West

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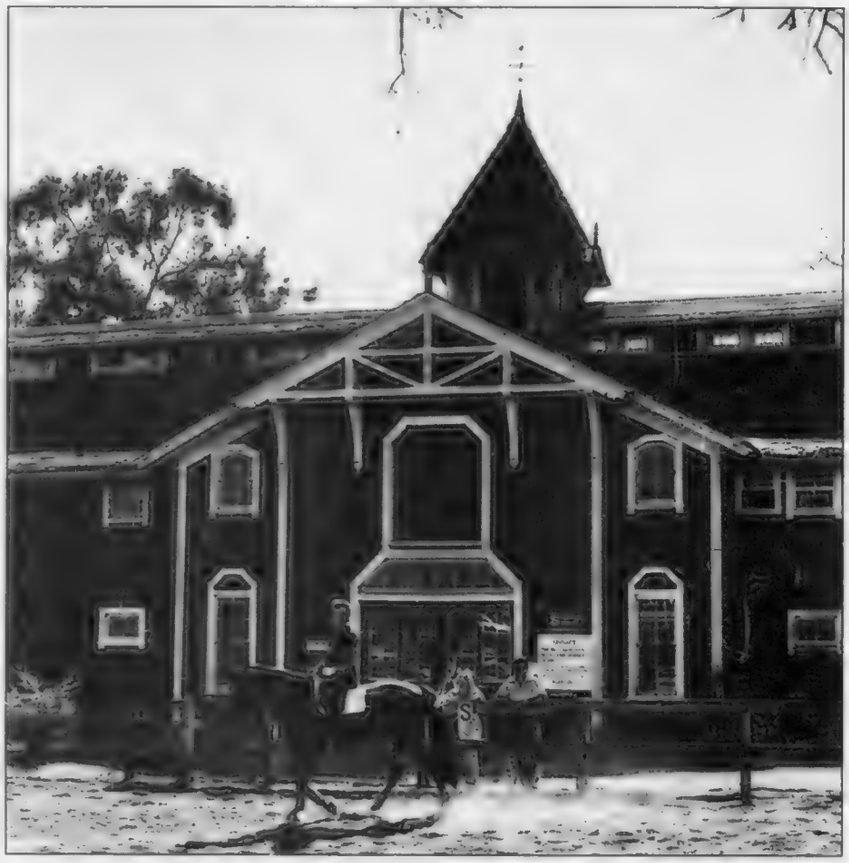


The Red Barn

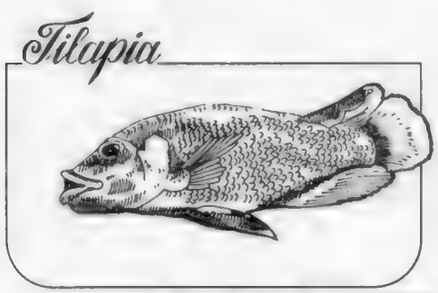
The famous Red Barn on the Stanford University campus in California is older than the University. There, Senator Leland Stanford raised and trained the prize trotting horses that won nineteen world records between 1880 and 1895. Today, this last major structure of the Senator's fabulous Palo Alto Stock Farm is falling apart, and alumni and friends of the University are waging a campaign to secure funds for the restoration of the 105-year-old Victorian building. The Stock Farm's trotting department operated for twenty-seven years and was at its peak between 1880 and 1891, employing 150 workers and boarding 600 horses. The Farm was a giant biological laboratory in which Leland Stanford tested his controversial theories of horse breeding and training with spectacular success. He bred work horses, the country's mainstay in that era, for greater stamina and strength. He also confounded the conventional wisdom of his day by crossing the highly popular trotting racers with English thoroughbreds to increase their speed.

Here on The Farm, Stanford commissioned photographer Eadweard Muybridge to do his famous photographic experiments on the gaits of horses. Photographing Stanford's prize trotter "Occident" in motion in 1877, Muybridge used a battery of cameras in succession. The resulting fast-sequenced still pictures demonstrated Stanford's contention that at one point in a running horse's stride all four feet are raised from the ground simultaneously.

The Stanford Board of Trustees has approved restoration of this landmark barn, which will again become a working stable when the job is completed. For more information, write to Stanford Red Barn Restoration, 301 Encina Hall, Stanford, California 94305.

Fish farming. Centuries ago the Chinese were raising herbivorous carp in flooded rice paddies. The fish kept the weeds in check and at the same time provided food to eat. This multiple-use approach to fish farming is now being developed by farmers and researchers in the southwest United States. Some cotton farmers in Arizona are splitting the bill for irrigation water with the Gila River Fish Growers. When fish pools become saturated with fish waste, the nitrogen-rich water is released onto the cotton fields, where it acts as a fine fertilizer.

The fish being used in this experiment, however, is a species native to Africa called tilapia, and its importation to the Southwest is a controversial issue. The Arizona Game and Fish Department has temporarily put a halt to the importation of tilapia because this fish is so hardy and prolific that it tends to



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

overrun other species in natural waterways. Big mouth bass, for instance, will stop reproducing when confronted with a massive population of tilapia. The Environmental Research Lab in Tucson, which supports the idea of fish farming, is attempting to develop a sterile tilapia. Researchers there hope that this will eliminate the danger to native species while increasing the productivity of the limited water supply in Southwest deserts.

Pumpkins galore. The excitement was wild last fall as five hundred contestants, among an estimated half-million pumpkin growers around the world, prepared for the first World Pumpkin Weigh-Off at stations across the United States, in Canada and in England. Raymond Waterman of the World Pumpkin Confederation says this is a competitive sport with fans and all. People get involved. "Sometimes you can't even sleep at night toward the end." There is little cash involved though; the plumpest pumpkin brings in one dollar per pound. Last October, that amounted to $481 for Owen Wood of Nova Scotia. It seems the entries from Canada fared best in the competition, but one California entry weighed in at 408 pounds—still no small squash. Enthusiasts have one big mark to make yet. In the United States, the first to run the scales over 500 pounds will reap $1,500. The Pumpkin Growers Confederation will send seeds to anyone who would like to join in next year's competition. Cost varies from one to ten dollars per seed, depending on the lineage. For more information contact Raymond Waterman, World Pumpkin Confederation, 14050 Gowanda State Road, Collins, New York 10434.

Elephant seal pupping-season peaks again in late January. Thought to have been nearly extinct in the 1880s from extensive commercial killings, elephant seals have made a healthy recovery under the protection of the U.S. government. Their population is now estimated at around 100,000 and is doubling every five years according to Charles Cooper, biologist at San Diego State University and researcher with Brent Stewart for the Hub Sea World Research Institute.

But last year's fierce winter storms put a crimp in that growth. Thousands of pups died from battering waves and overcrowded conditions on the island nurseries off the California coast. This year we may see more rookeries in better protected mainland sites since many pregnant females and mothers who had lost their pups in last January's storms moved to safer spots on the shore. These females are apt to return to pup on the new ground in following years.

Tainted fowl. A two-year study on toxic chemicals in migratory fowl that was conducted by the Wildlife Research Bureau of Montana's department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks recently revealed strikingly high levels of several pesticides in the birds. The concentrations found were dramatically higher, in some cases, than that considered safe by the Environmental Protection Agency. Many of these chemicals, including the pesticide endrin, are chlorinated hydrocarbons that are believed to produce death in small mammals and impair reproduction in both birds and mammals.

There was a noted lack of consensus among Montana health organizations about what to do, some suggesting a hunting ban last fall. But in the end the State Fish and Game Commission only warned hunters and their families against excessive dining on the season's wildfowl bounty.

(Continued on page 15)

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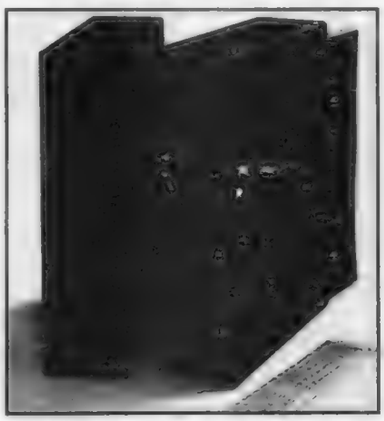

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DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY D. NIWA

The Victorian House
in historic Coupeville

by Rachel Bard

While globetrotting Captain George Vancouver was investigating the West Coast of North America in 1792, he sent Joseph Whidbey, a member of his company, to explore a large island at the east end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca (off the coast of Washington State). On the island's eastern shore Whidbey discovered a safe harbor, a "delightful prospect of spacious meadows, elegantly adorned with clumps of trees," and a gathering of thunderstruck Indians drawn up on the shore to peer at these strange paleskins. The encounter was peaceful. After naming the cove for a friend called Penn and the island for Master Whidbey, Vancouver and his company sailed on, and the Indians had their delightful island to themselves again. But word of the sheltered cove was out.

Yet it was sixty years before the first permanent white settlers arrived on Whidbey Island. Among them was Captain Thomas Coupe, who reached the haven of Penn Cove after sailing a full-rigged ship through narrow, rock-walled Deception Pass (which separates Whidbey Island from Fidalgo Island to the north). Here he made a compact with his wife: if she would consent to live on this lovely but wild and sparsely populated island, he would retire from the sea.

In 1852 Thomas Coupe filed a claim and settled in what became Coupeville. He built a sturdy home of California redwood on the bluff by the sea. Though sadly neglected and overgrown with brush and bramble, the house still stands.

The rest of Coupeville is alive, well, and hospitable—and jam-packed with history. Because of its commodious harbor and its location on the main route down Puget Sound, Coupeville was a busy port for sailing ships from the 1850s on. Many a sea dog was struck with its attractions and settled here to farm or go into business. And the houses that sprang up on the slope above the cove were as tightly and solidly constructed as though their masters expected to sail them around the world.

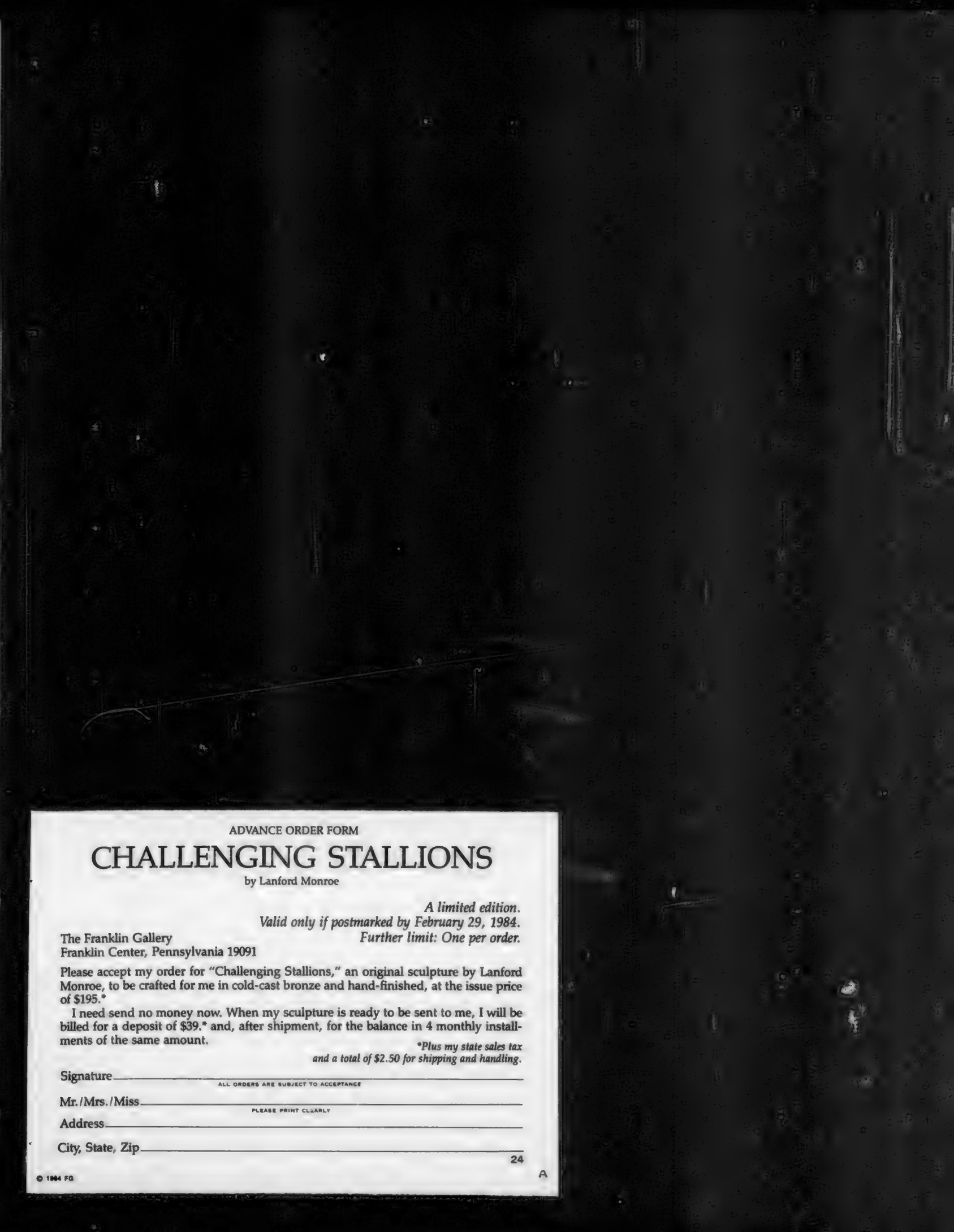
For an intimate look at the homes of historic Coupeville, there is no better place to start than The Victorian House, a bed-and-breakfast inn where you may experience firsthand the lifestyle of one of the town's earliest inhabitants, Jacob Jenne. A native of Germany, Jenne arrived on Whidbey Island in 1876, aged twenty-five. By 1889 he had done so well as hotel owner and saloonkeeper that he was able to build a fine two-story house on Main Street. Today it's an unpretentiously elegant guesthouse, hospitably run by Lee and Harriett Gray. They have tried to make it a home where Jacob and Bertha Jenne would feel comfortable—filling it with their own family heirlooms and treasures. For example, you can sit by the parlor fire in a velvet rocking chair—well worn by Harriett and her sister as children—and be served sumptuous breakfasts in the sunny dining room at a graceful oval table where the Grays' children ate, played games, and did their homework.

Some twenty of these fine Victorian homes, as well as a dozen shops and commercial buildings, have been designated National Historic Sites. The best way to see them is to walk through town, following a helpful guide from the local historical society. Most of the houses are along or close to Main Street, which runs uphill from the shore. Down on two-block-long Front Street, above the water, are yesteryear's drugstores, general merchandise stores, saloons, attorneys' offices, and blacksmith shops—some serving their original purposes, some transformed into antique shops, restaurants, or galleries—all as busy as they were a century ago.

This continuity, not its age, is the key to Coupeville's character. Many well-preserved Western towns are older, but their charm is likely to be that of a restored museum piece. In Coupeville, people have been living in these homes, making their living in the town pretty much the same way for over a hundred years. Visitors can walk about town, admire the view of the Cascades, take refreshment on Front Street, and visit the museum.

You may reach Whidbey Island by ferry from Seattle or Port Townsend, or by the bridge across Deception Pass, south of Anacortes. The Victorian House has only two guest bedrooms (equally charming, with bath down the hall); so reservations are recommended—especially in summer. You may write The Victorian House, P.O. Box 761, Coupeville, Washington 98239.

Rachel Bard *discovered The Victorian House while doing research for the next edition of* Country Inns of the Far West *(101 Productions, San Francisco), of which she is Northwest author.*



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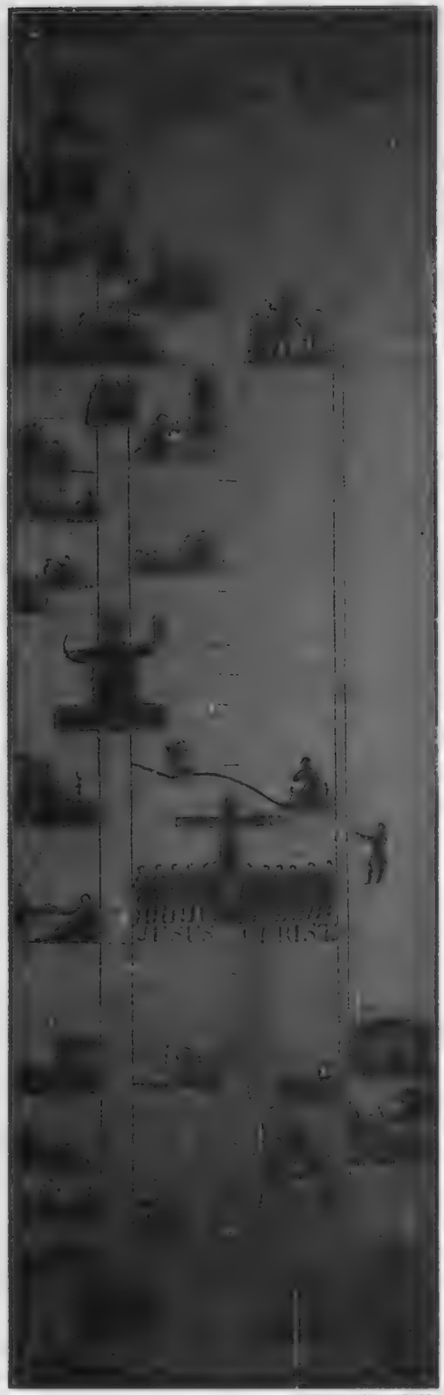

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

The Protestant Ladder *was painted about 1846 by Eliza Spalding to instruct the Nez Perces in Protestant Christianity at the Lapwai mission in the Oregon Country.*

How to get to heaven by the straight and narrow path—This fascinating "Protestant Ladder" reflects the sharp rivalry for Indian souls in the Oregon Country during the 1840s.

After journeying to the Northwest with the party of Dr. Marcus Whitman in 1836, Henry and Eliza Spalding founded a mission among the Nez Perces at Lapwai, near present-day Lewiston, Idaho. In his zealous efforts to convert Indians to Christianity, Spalding was distressed by aggressive competition from Catholic missionaries. Among the devices used by the missionary fathers was a "Catholic Ladder," designed to tell the story of their faith in a way that the Indians would understand. It was a simple chart illustrating the chief events in biblical history as well as the apostasy of Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII.

The success of the Catholic Ladder inspired Spalding to counter with his Protestant Ladder that depicted the error and evils of Rome. Painted by Mrs. Spalding, the Ladder shows two paths—a narrow, Protestant one that leads to paradise and a broad, Catholic one leading to damnation. In a letter to the American Board of Missions in February 1846, Spalding explained the significance of the various drawings.

The first part of the Ladder illustrates various important events that occurred before the Christian era. Then comes the crucifixion, with the twelve apostles dressed in the garb of the 1840s. To the right, Saint Paul points to a figure leaving the narrow path for the "broad and false" path of Catholicism. Next we see the Pope holding a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, while a king and a bishop kiss his feet. Additional vignettes illustrate the Saint Bartholomew slaughter; a "nunnery... from which a young priest has come out & is paying 18s to get the sin of Fornication pardoned;" the burning of Bibles by Catholics of New York state; and other scenes. At the top the Pope is depicted toppling into the fires of hell, while to the right, at the end of the narrow, Protestant path, are the angels of heaven.

The Protestant Ladder is on heavy paper, six feet long and two feet wide, with a roller at the top. Only one copy of this fascinating artifact is known to exist; it is held by the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

The story of the Ladder was contributed by Terrence O'Donnell who has been on the staff of the Oregon Historical Society for more than ten years. He is also a free-lance writer, his latest book being *The Garden of the Brave in War* (1980).

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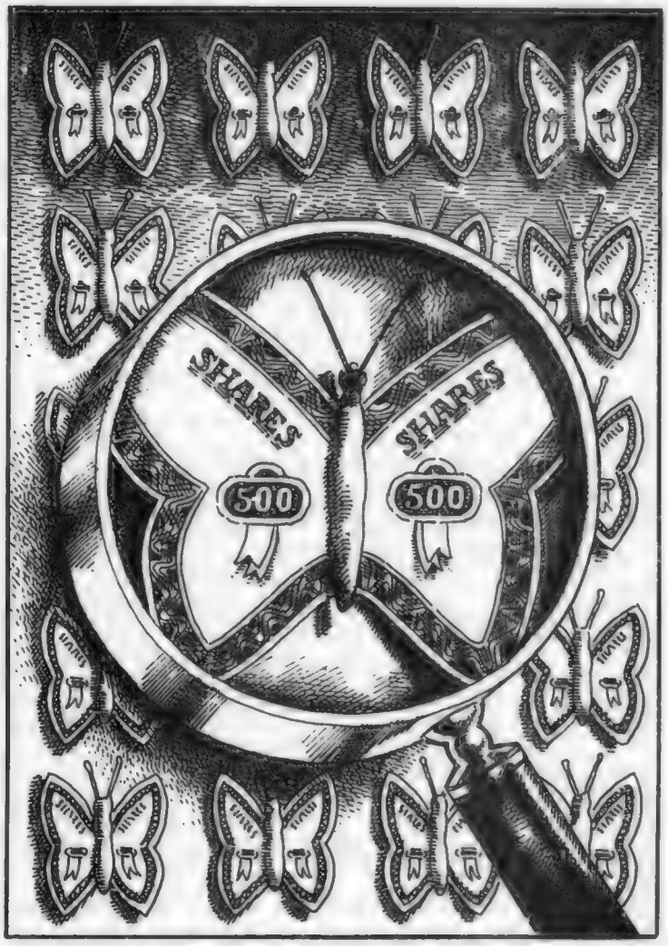

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The emperor's spoons

Tortillas

by Brian McGinty

When Spanish conquistadors first reached the coast of Mexico, they were met by a party of ambassadors sent out from the Aztec capital. "I come from a land far across the eastern ocean," the leader of the Spaniards said to the Aztecs, "and I represent a great and powerful king."

"I come from a land far across the western mountains," the leader of the Aztec ambassadors replied, "and I represent a great and powerful emperor."

"My king commands a hundred ships," said the Spaniard, "all propelled by powerful sails."

"My emperor commands a thousand canoes," said the Indian, determined not to be outshone by the Spaniard, "and each is manned by a dozen oarsmen."

"My king lives in a great castle on a hill," continued the Spaniard, "and has a thousand servants to attend to his wants."

"My emperor dwells in a palace on a lake and has a hundred thousand subjects at his command," retorted the Aztec.

Growing impatient with the Indian's tit-for-tat boasting, the Spaniard decided to put an end to their little game of one-upmanship. "My king," he said, "is the richest man in all Europe—so rich that, when he eats, his table is laid with silver forks and plates of purest gold!"

The Aztec pondered. "My emperor," he said, measuring his words, "is the richest man in all Mexico—so rich that, when he eats, he uses *a new spoon with each bite!*"

This astonished the Spaniard and convinced him that it would be futile to try to top the Aztec's boast. When he got to Montezuma's capital, however, he discovered that the emperor's "spoons" were actually flat cakes of unleavened cornmeal (tortillas, they would later be called), though Montezuma did, indeed, use a "new" cake with each bite of his food.

The conquerors of Mexico quickly learned to appreciate the humble but versatile tortilla, and, before a generation had passed, the ubiquitous corn cakes occupied as secure a place in their diet as in that of Montezuma himself.

The story of the meeting between the Spanish and Aztec emissaries may be apocryphal, but the glory of the emperor's "spoons" is not. The tortilla—much the same today as it was in the age of Montezuma—is one of the gastronomic wonders of the western world: a simple but wonderfully adaptable staple that is the sine qua non of all Mexican cooking and of much of that of the southwestern United States as well.

In pre-Columbian times tortillas, like the corn from which they were made, were an integral part of Mexican life. Corn was the *teocentli*, or holy grain, of the Aztecs; while *Centeotl*, the god of maize, *Xilonen*, the goddess of the tender ears of corn, and *Ilamatecuhtli*, the goddess of the dry ears of corn, were among the people's chief deities. When sacrifices were made to the gods, tortillas were offered along with animals, birds, flowers, and precious metals.

Then, as now, tortillas were made by grinding kernels of corn that had been steeped in lime and hulled. Aztec women knelt over blocks of stone (*metates*) and pulverized the kernels with stone rollers. As they ground, the women added water to make the meal into a paste (*masa*), then formed it into flat, round cakes, and cooked them on a griddle (*comal*). The hearth on which the *comal* rested was a place of mystery and reverence in the center of every Aztec home.

That the Aztecs regarded corn as the staff of life is evidenced by an unwritten law prescribing the daily allotment of tortillas for all children in the realm. A three-year-old child was to receive half a tortilla; a five-year-old, one. By the age of thirteen, each child was entitled to two tortillas per day.

Spanish and Mexican settlers brought tortillas to California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas—where Anglo-Americans first became acquainted with the cakes and with the enchiladas, tacos, tostadas, burritos, and quesadillas that are made from them. The *metate* and *comal* are still fixtures in many Mexican households, but Americans (Hispanic or not) are more likely to encounter tortillas in neighborhood *taquerias* or in any one of the thousands of fast-food restaurants that cater to the growing American taste for Mexican cuisine.

Commercially manufactured tortillas are acceptable for most home cooking, but you can make your own by using *masa harina* (made in the United States by the Quaker Oats Company).

The Emperor's Spoons

Mix 2 c. *masa harina* and 1 t. salt in a bowl. Cut in 1 T. of shortening and gradually add enough warm water (about 1 c.) to make a firm, springy dough. (Omit the shortening and salt if you use instant *masa harina*.) Cover dough and let stand for 1 hour. Separate dough into 12 equal balls. Making one tortilla at a time, place one ball between two sheets of lightly moistened waxed paper and flatten with a rolling pin or in a tortilla press to a thickness of about ⅛ inch. Carefully remove the top sheet of paper and drop the tortilla, exposed side down, onto a hot (400° to 450° F.) well-seasoned griddle or skillet. Cook about 1 minute. Remove the remaining sheet of paper, turn the tortilla, and cook on this side about 1 minute. The tortilla should be golden brown, soft, and pliable—fit for an emperor's table!

Brian McGinty *is a San Francisco free-lancer who frequently writes on Western subjects.*

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Lookout *(Continued from page 9)*

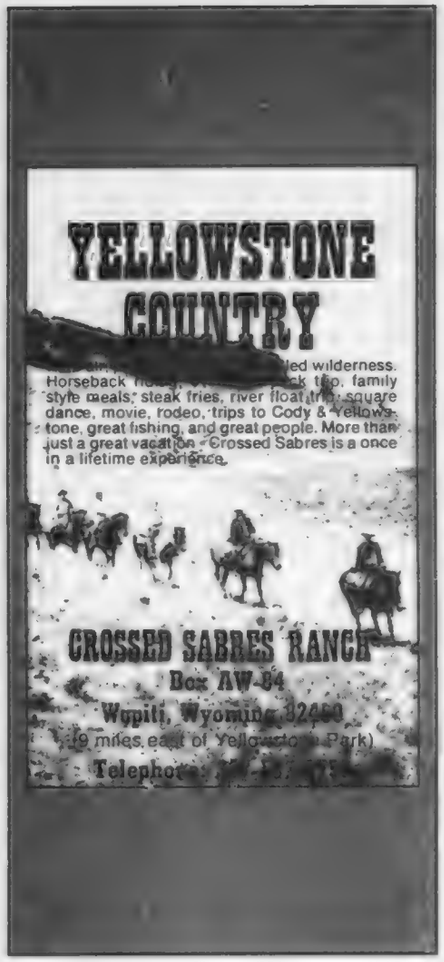
Pot posters. If cannabis designs decorate your state park bulletin board this year, don't be surprised. The Forest Services all over the country are pinning up "wanted" posters and asking for help in the detection of marijuana plantations within our public forests. Tom King of the Montana Forest Service estimates the value of the marijuana cultivated for profit that was uncovered on Montana public lands last year at a street value of $2 million. But that is a small fraction of the estimated value of pot farms on public lands in the Northwest last year. In Idaho alone the value of marijuana discovered in public parks and forests was estimated at $45 million.

Cannabis sativa

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY LINDA [illegible]

Water, please. Last summer in an experiment in northern Colorado, tender young corn plants were watered "on demand." Sensors clamped to a plant recorded the stress level of the corn by measuring the opening of pores. High stress levels signaled a computer-controlled irrigation system to let the water flow.

Though this concept was first proposed in 1869 by a German scientist, it was not developed at that time. In 1912 the concept reappeared in England. Experiments were carried out, but the equipment was too bulky and the process too time-consuming to be practical. According to Dr. Edwin Fiscus of the United States Department of Agriculture research team in Colorado, this method is now perfectly workable. He sees potential for commercial use in the near future. "Where water costs a lot, or where it just can't be had, this could be very cost effective" with any crop irrigated by an electrically driven trickle or center-pivot system. Last season's experiments, the first with control groups, showed a much greater efficiency in the use of water than with standard irrigation methods.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Letters to the Editor

Bloodworth search

I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I have read the September/October edition and noticed a few people that my dad grew up with.

Right now, I am trying to trace my dad's family genealogy. Since thousands of people read AMERICAN WEST, I was wondering if you could put in an article letting everyone know that I'm looking for information.

The farthest that I have is to a Finley Blackburn Bloodworth (March 9, 1849—Leona, Texas) and a James Henry Huston (December 26, 1854—London, Kentucky). Any help will be appreciated.

Frank Bloodworth
P.O. Box 234
San Ardo, California 93450

Average Reader?

I could not help laughing when I read the View from the West article in the September/October issue of AMERICAN WEST. According to your survey results, I must be one of the most un-average readers around.

I have attended college—three years in a community college and three weeks in a California State university. This is my only qualification to meet your "average" audience. I make $600 per month, before taxes; my travels from home (a small community in Oregon House, California—about fifty to sixty miles northeast of Sacramento) are to Santa Rosa and the Los Angeles area, visiting relatives. I've only been to an art museum once, I think. I have seen a few museums, but that was a long time ago. The other magazines I read are *The Western Horseman* (my folks get it for me for Christmas) and *American Heritage*.

I have always been interested in the North American West. This is sparked, I believe, by my interest in Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War, plus an enjoyment and feeling of awe toward the cattle-drive era of the 1890s into the first decade of the 1900s.

Right now I am working on a ranch in Oregon House. We lease the ground out for winter feed, so we don't do a whole lot of cowboying. But when we do, it is on horseback, with ropes, and with dogs.

I enjoy your magazine very much. Each issue is a bit different, and there always seems to be something that catches my interest in each new copy.

Let me close by saying that this is the first time I've written to a magazine like this. But this is also the first time I haven't been exactly "average" either! *Thanks!*

David Hernandez
Oregon House, California

Crush Collision March

Your November/December 1983 issue had a letter from Harry R. Johnson of Spring Valley, Minnesota, inquiring about Scott Joplin's "Crush Collision March."

Please advise Mr. Johnson that he may obtain this recording as part of a 5-record-set album entitled "Scott Joplin—His Complete Works," with Richard Zimmerman on the piano, No. 931079, a Mercury-Hill recording (Record 1, Side A), from Publisher's Central Bureau, Department 222, One Champion Avenue, Avenel, New Jersey 07001, for the price of $15.99. The album is beautifully done, and I am sure Mr. Johnson would be pleased.

Thank you for your cooperation, and I enjoy your magazine very much.

Mary A. Chayer
Cicero, Illinois

Bronc busters

Your September/October issue refers to Jackson Sundown, World's Champion Bronc Rider in 1916. It is followed by a letter from H. D. Browning of Hunter, Washington, wherein he mentions some other world champ riders

whose names ring a nostalgic bell.

As a boy I lived in Red Lodge, Montana, 1923–1933. One of our local notables was Thurkel Greenough who reportedly held the title of World Champion three times. Whether consecutively or not I don't remember.

"Turk" had a younger brother Ben and two sisters Alice and Marjorie who used to tour the rodeo circuit too. Alice and Marjorie were "trick riders," doing acrobatics on a horse while at a deadrun, standing in the saddle, crawling under his belly or under his neck, at a full gallop, that sort of thrilling crowd pleaser stuff. One of the Greenough girls married a bronc buster named Joe Orr from over around Cody, Wyoming, way.

Richard K. Cartwright
Spring Valley, California

Thanks a bunch for publishing a good magazine. I expect you will continue to give us fresh material as well as little known stories. Speaking of little known stories, I am wondering when Oklahoma became one of the Northwestern states. The reason I am wondering is because Jim Shoulders was listed in "Greatest Bronc Buster" [Letters]. Jim Shoulders was born and grew up in Oklahoma where he still has permanent residence. Perhaps your previous writer meant to say Jim Shoulders won his World Champion status in a Northwestern state. I know he was an RCA competitor for a great many years.

Just wanted you to know how pleased I am with your magazine.

Audra L. Fipps
Sand Springs, Oklahoma

Tom Jeffords and Cochise

I for years have been an appreciative reader and subscriber to AMERICAN WEST and I have read with enjoyment most of the books written by C. L. Sonnichsen. Nevertheless I should like to take issue with "Tom Jeffords, Friend of Cochise" in the September/October issue of your magazine.

First, Jeffords did not make friends with Cochise in order to protect himself on the mail run. He had quit the mail run and was engaged in prospecting when he visited Cochise. Why, then, did he want to make an alliance with Cochise?

Doctor Henry Turril who was post surgeon at Ft. Bayard charged that Jeffords had gained and kept the friendship of Cochise by providing him with ammunition, ammunition with which Cochise killed whites. And Major William Price of the Eighth Cavalry offered to produce witnesses that Jeffords was furnishing Cochise with ammunition in trade for livestock. Later, when he became agent for Cochise's band Jeffords was accused by several reputable officials of cheating the government by exaggerating the number of Indians for whom he drew supplies.

Regardless of these charges, Jeffords's friendship with Cochise was nothing of which a white man could be proud. Although Cochise is conceded to have murdered a thousand people during the years between 1862 and 1872 few of this thousand were soldiers or armed men. His victims almost invariably were women and children on remote ranches, largely unarmed Mexicans, small parties of travelers and trusting herders of livestock. Search as you may you will find no record of his defeating or even engaging a force of armed Americans that numbered a third of the warriors he led. There are only two recorded instances in which Cochise voluntarily offered battle to more than a handful of American fighters.

In October 1861 Cochise and Mangas Coloradas combined forces in an attempt to drive the miners from Santa Rita. There they were whipped soundly by frontier Indian fighters who in the engagement lost few men.

Seven months later Cochise's and Mangas Coloradas's again-combined-forces of six or seven hundred warriors attempted to ambush an advance party of some 120 soldiers under Capt.

(Continued on page 33)

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Western Geology Illustrated

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

Earthquakes in Unexpected Places

by Stephen L. Harris

The Big Quake is coming—it's time to leave California!

According to a recent news release, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh—the Rolls-Royce-collecting leader of a religious commune in central Oregon—has ordered his California followers to leave the state by the year's end. Rajneesh reportedly predicts that 1984 will introduce a fifteen-year-long series of natural and man-made catastrophes, including earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, violent storms, and a nuclear holocaust. Among the population centers he scheduled for decimation are San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Bombay, and Tokyo.

The absolute certainty of future earthquakes in California is common knowledge. It requires no prophet, swami, guru, or other self-styled clairvoyant to warn us of a hazard that scientists have long labored to confirm and define.

What Rajneesh and his fellows apparently overlook is that the region in the United States most vulnerable to a truly cataclysmic earthquake is located in the east-central part of the country. For the greatest earth shock in American history was centered not in California but near New Madrid, Missouri. Between December 16, 1811, and the spring of 1812 a series of appallingly destructive earthquakes convulsed the central Mississippi Valley, triggering massive landslides, submerging whole islands, opening vast fissures in the earth, and stirring the great river's surface to a boiling fury.

Although the area was then only sparsely populated, enough eyewitness accounts have been preserved to indicate that near the quakes' epicenters ground motion was severe enough to cause destruction of virtually all man-made structures. Finally leveled by the February 7, 1812, shake, the entire town of New Madrid—originally built atop a high river bluff—was then engulfed by the Mississippi.

Three factors distinguish the New Madrid earthquakes from other historic shocks. First, they caused damage over an exceptionally large area and were felt over even greater distances. Destruction was severe throughout southeastern Missouri, northeastern Arkansas, southern Illinois, and western Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee. Because settlements in the affected area were few and small, the earthquakes' magnitude is perhaps best measured by its awesome effects on the land itself. While large areas were significantly uplifted, even larger sections were downdropped, transforming once-dry land into lakes or swamps. Tennessee's Reelfoot Lake, eighteen miles long, two to five miles wide, and five to twenty feet deep, was created in this manner. Lowlands were flooded and the earth's surface was split into numerous yawning fissures many feet across. "Sand blows" erupted geyser-like plumes of fragmental material tens of feet into the air, producing strong sulphurous odors from decayed vegetable matter previously emplaced underground.

The vast distances over which the earthquakes were felt are equally remarkable. Tremors were reported as far north as Canada, in Detroit, 600 miles from the epicenter, and in Boston, 1100 miles to the northeast. As if anticipating its invasion and burning by the British during the impending War of 1812, the nation's capital—700 miles east of New Madrid—shuddered ominously, as did New Orleans, 500 miles to the south. Approximately *one million square miles*—half the area of the entire United States—were noticeably affected.

The large number of separate, powerful shocks is also unparallelled in this country's seismic history. In most historic earthquake sequences, the initial jolt is followed by a few lesser tremors of generally diminishing intensity. The New Madrid earthquakes, however, continued at a high level of intensity for many months, with the greatest convulsion occurring on February 7, 1812, nearly eight weeks after the first violent shock. One particularly acute observer, Jared Brooks, an engineer and surveyor living in Louisville, Kentucky, devised an instrument to measure the relative size and severity of the quakes. Using pendulums to record horizontal movement and several springs to detect vertical movement, Brooks registered 1,874 distinct shocks between December 16, 1811, and March 1812. Brooks and other observers agreed that the shakes of December 16, January 23, and February 7 were the worst, although Brooks also classified five others during this period as "tremendous," ten more as "severe," and an additional thirty-five as "alarming to people generally."

The third factor that characterized the New Madrid earthquake series is the unusual length of time during which the quakes persisted. In the New Madrid vicinity the earth trembled at least once every day through the end of 1812. With time the disturbances apparently migrated northward and continued for an additional two years. Between 1812 and 1814 earthquakes were an almost daily event at Saline Mines, Illinois. Some of the larger tremors in this series were also felt along the Wabash River in eastern Illinois and western Indiana. A recent study comparing the number and magnitude of the New Madrid earthquakes between December 16, 1811, and March 15, 1812, with those that occurred in southern California between 1932 and 1972 shows that in three months the New Madrid shocks equalled those in California during a forty-one-year period.

The precise cause of the New Madrid earthquake remains conjectural. Unlike the California quakes, most of which are generated by movement along recognized faults that commonly rupture the earth's surface, the Mississippi Valley earthquakes took place in an area with no visible surface faulting. It has been speculated that the earthquake source is a deeply buried rift valley—a two-hundred-mile-long downdropped block of the earth's crust formed about five hundred million years ago dur-

ing an abortive splitting apart of the North American plate. Covered by sediments many miles thick, the ancient rift zone remains sporadically active.

As a 1982 United States Geological Survey study reveals, between 1838 and 1976 at least twenty destructive earthquakes occurred in the central Mississippi Valley, all apparently centered at the northern or southern end of the New Madrid fault zone. A 1909 earthquake, with its center near Aurora, Illinois, overthrew chimneys in Waukegan, Illinois, and the Chicago suburbs forty miles away. Although a relatively minor event, it was perceptible over an astonishingly wide area—half a million square miles. The fact that extremely large regions have been affected by the earthquakes of central and eastern North America—contrasted with western earthquakes that ordinarily affect much smaller areas—is partly explained by a phenomenon that Dr. Otto Nuttli, a professor at Saint Louis University, calls "low attenuation of surface-wave energy."

The fact that solid bedrock in the Mississippi region is buried beneath countless layers of unconsolidated sedimentary deposits also heightens the damaging effect of seismic waves there. As was clearly demonstrated during the San Francisco quake of April 18, 1906, areas where structural damage is most severe are typically underlaid by alluvium or other loosely compacted material. High ground-water levels and subsurface layers of sand can produce liquefaction, resulting in surface cracking, subsidence, and general ground failure. Large areas of ground-slumping or streets riven by great fissures are commonly the consequence of liquefaction. In sharp contrast, competently built structures on solid rock can escape unscathed even during a major earthquake. The Gothic redwood palaces atop San Francisco's Nob Hill rode out the 1906 convulsions with little damage. In the city below, unreinforced masonry buildings, many erected on filled-in land along San Francisco Bay, typically suffered partial or total collapse. Unfortunately the ensuing fires—which consumed Victorian mansion and Barbary Coast dive alike—obliterated the contrast and its implied lesson in construction and land-use planning.

California may well endure another devastating earthquake before the central Mississippi region is again visited by shocks

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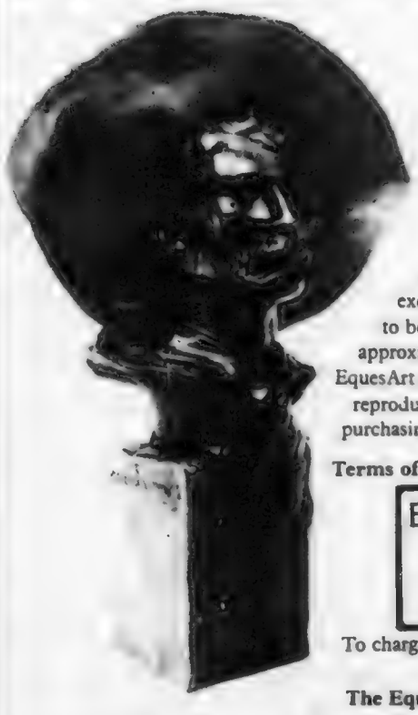

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comparable to those of 1811–1812. But purveyors of seismic calamity like Rajneesh and his counterparts must remember that our ostensibly stable midcontinent has a significantly greater potential for human tragedy than the media-glamorized Pacific West. Today approximately twelve and one-half million people live in an area severely shaken by the New Madrid earthquakes (compared to about four million persons inhabiting the northern California terrain damaged in 1906). The present combination of high population density and prevalence of buildings that do not meet earthquake safety standards could result in widespread damage to property and considerable loss of life. St. Louis, Missouri, and Cincinatti, Ohio, experienced only cracked brick walls and other slight damage in 1811, but if the epicenters of future earthquakes were closer to these cities, the effects could be far more serious. Perhaps in greater potential jeopardy than St. Louis or Cincinatti is Memphis, Tennessee, a city of 650,000 which did not even exist at the time of the New Madrid quakes. Sprawling on the fourth Chickasaw Bluff near the site of Fort Pickering, Memphis occupies a site that on December 16, 1811, was shaken with lethal intensity. If the townsite were struck a comparable seismic blow today, it would rate a IX on the Modified Mercalli earthquake intensity scale. Well-designed frame buildings would be thrown out of plumb, while even specially constructed masonry structures would be partially crumbled and ordinary brick buildings largely collapsed. Many houses would be shifted off their foundations and the ground split in gaping fissures. Other villages and towns along the unstable banks and alluvial plains of the central Mississippi could suffer liquefaction of the ground beneath them, some like Little Prairie and New Madrid itself eventually being swallowed by the great river.

Given that the 1811–1812 quakes are only the latest major events in the aeons-long seismic history of the Mississippi Valley, and that scientists anticipate a repetition of these events at some unknown date in the future, it appears that Middle Americans—like their fellow citizens in the Far West—must prepare to cope with such natural disasters. The geologic challenge cannot be evaded simply by moving from Missouri or Tennessee directly to the east coast. For much of the southeastern United States also lives under a similar earthquake threat. In 1886, less than a century ago, a violent shock that was centered near Charleston, South Carolina, severely damaged one of the nation's oldest and most treasured cities. Like the New Madrid upheavals, the Charleston earthquake set the ground in motion throughout most of the southeastern United States, causing damage over an extensive area. No guru can promise his disciples freedom from natural calamity even along the seemingly tranquil Atlantic shores.

Rather than relying on a clairvoyant's advice for our future safety, we can learn to view the earth in geologic terms, recognizing that both our ocean floors and continents are in virtually constant movement, creating earthquakes in all kinds of unexpected places. These shocks to human complacency, whether in California, Missouri, or South Carolina, remind us that our planet, with its incandescent interior and thin, ever-shifting crust, pulsates like a living thing. We are mere passengers on an evolving globe whose workings we ignore at our peril.

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Stephen L. Harris *is the author of* Fire and Ice: Cascade Volcanoes. *He teaches in the Geology Department at California State University, Sacramento.*

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY THOMAS R. NIX

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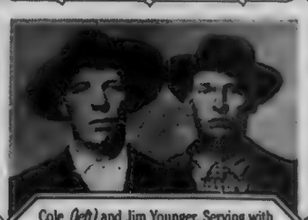

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Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality.

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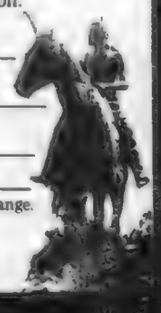

World's greatest

air race and show

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARFIT

Roaring speed and wicked games with the ground at Reno

by Michael Parfit

IN THE WIND AND HEAT AND NOISE FRANK TAYLOR STOOD on top of the big red trailer, his ear to the radio, while the old fighters gathered behind the mountain for their final run. "Damn," he said. "Hoover's not sayin' much."

For once, Taylor from Chino, California, stood still, not bouncing on his feet as usual, as if to the demanding beat of some inner rhythm. On the trailer's roof beside him sat a man whose feet should indeed have been jumpy: Ken Robertson, Taylor's chief mechanic. But Robertson was sitting in a deck chair with his standard look of amused resignation in his eyes and a faint smile sneaking out from under his moustache. "I'm a wreck," he said cheerfully. "It's out of my control now. If it runs fast and nothing breaks, I'll just be relieved."

Robertson's smile manifested itself more clearly in a crinkling around the eyes. Then the radio at Taylor's ear came to life with the voice of the legendary aerobatic artist Bob Hoover, who was flying the pace plane, talking to the eight men who were about to conclude the four days of the 1983 Reno Air Races with a last dash around the pylons. "First power application, gentlemen, on three. One, two, three, power." The radio went silent again. All the crew members on the trailer, clad in their bright "Dago Red" T-shirts, turned to look over their shoulders, waiting for the first distant hum, for the first gleam of sun on metal, as the planes appeared.

The anticipated sound came from the sky. They were on their way. Taylor uttered an expletive. Then he added, to no one: "I'm going to need three packs of cigarettes to get through this race."

With noses and props gleaming in the desert sunshine, cherished planes from World War II are lined up to await their turn in the dangerous game of chasing after the pylons at Reno's twentieth annual National Championship Air Races and Air Show.

That, of course, was impossible. He couldn't light them fast enough. Like all the heats at the Reno National Championship Air Races, the only event of its kind in the United States, this final race would be amazingly short. It would, in fact, last only ten and a half minutes. The entire race would cover only 73.5 miles around eight pylons staked out on the desert floor, a short distance indeed for an aircraft traveling at over four hundred and twenty miles an hour. Things would happen very fast, and everything would be over before the shadows lengthened. The fate of some of the men and machines who now could just be seen coming down out of the hot, blue sky, would be determined in even less distance, and less time.

But on the top of the trailer, which houses the tools and the three spare 12-cylinder, 1650 cubic inch, 3,000 horsepower Rolls Royce engines that Taylor brought along for this trip, every second seemed an age. Now the planes approached the place in the sky at which Hoover would cast them off into the race like a boy slinging stones into space. They seemed to slip almost gently toward that point of launch, their roar just a hum in the distance. All that had gone before in the past twelve months, in the past week, had packed so much meaning into these few seconds that each one had to swell and lengthen to hold it all.

The annual Reno Air Races are, in a way, such an anachronism that it sometimes seems odd that anyone would pour such effort, such enthusiasm, and—holy smoke!—so much money into them. The races are the last true survivor of a sport that never really saw enormous success, whose heyday was almost fifty years ago. Once a year, in September, a handful of pilots, a few hundred mechanics, a few hundred tons of support equipment, about a hundred thousand fans, and, of course, a field full of cherished airplanes gather at Stead Airport just outside of Reno to celebrate the glory of aviation with shows, speed, and competition. They have been doing it now for twenty years.

Just about any summer weekend elsewhere, one can go to an airport and find some of the things that happen at Reno: an airshow with looping biplanes and military fly-bys; a race of tiny Formula 1 planes, whose engines must be no larger than 200 cubic inches; perhaps even a competition between a few of the husky T–6 World War II trainers that still ply the skies. But here it all comes together in a gala week and culminates in the competition that can now be seen nowhere else: the races between the unlimiteds.

These are the old jousting knights of the air, warriors of the Great War, their armor polished, engines rebuilt over and over until even their camshafts gleam, their hearts oiled and caressed just one more time: the sleek P–51 Mustangs; the twin-boomed, twin-engined P–38s; the bent-winged Corsairs; the Sea Furies; the Grumman Bearcats. The only rule guiding this race is that you cannot have a jet engine under the cowl—as long as you have pistons, they can be as large as barrels or as numerous in their clustering around the crankshaft as grapes on the vine. The unlimiteds are legendary. Their propellers are great broad blades not to be lifted by any common engine; their superchargers blow hot air like

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL PARFIT

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARFIT

(Opposite) *Four planes competing in the Unlimited Class at the Reno Air Races in 1983: At top is "Rare Bear," a Grumman F8F Bearcat piloted by Lyle Shelton. The propeller of "Rare Bear" is so long that the plane must land tail-low. The huge Sea Fury "Dreadnought," powered by a 28-cylinder Pratt and Whitney radial engine, was piloted by Neil Anderson. Lefty Gardner, pilot of "White Lightnin'," a P-28 flaunting the number 13, is notorious for his daring, low flying. "Budweiser Light," a Pratt and Whitney propelled super-Corsair, was piloted by Steve Hinton.* (Above) *Silver streaked with red, huge "Dreadnought" blazed a new course speed record of 435.585 mph during one of the Unlimited Class heats. Here, solicitous attendants minister to the sparkling appearance of "Dreadnought."*

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stallions; their lives are not to be measured by normal standards. Sometimes ten minutes is too long.

"Here we go, boys!" It was Frank Taylor. He stood rigidly on top of the trailer, legs apart, right hand holding the transceiver, left hand clutching a cigarette. The rickety voice of Bob Hoover, a man who now looks rickety himself when he wanders around on the flat surface of the earth in his glasses and his straw Panama hat, but who is not rickety at all in the air, came through the radio: "Gentlemen, you have a race."

THE STRING OF UNLIMITEDS POURED DOWN OUT OF THE sky. Hoover, in a bright yellow Mustang, pulled back on the stick and soared up out of their way. In a short line the racers dove on the first pylon and hurtled past, blowing pollen off the blooming rabbitbrush. With binoculars one could see the early leaders—the Sea Fury "Dreadnought" owned by Frank Sanders, also of Chino, California, in first, and the Mustang "Dago Red" in second. On the truck the crew settled in to wait.

It was the culmination—the last race on Sunday, the last day. It was called the Unlimited Championship Gold. This was the only race among the unlimiteds in which each pilot would push his machine to the absolute limit, pumping up the boost until surely it would blast the engine apart, wanting now, after a week of pussyfooting—of pushing the plane to just sniffing distance of this raw edge—to win it all or blow it up.

For the "Dago Red" crew waiting now on the roof of the trailer—and for the equally anxious crew of "Dreadnought," who, in their blue "Frank's Air Racing Team" T-shirts, were occupying similarly lofty positions just fifty yards across the pits—it had been just such a week.

"As a whole they're all trying to make everybody think they're really hurting," said Don Edwards, an air-race fan who helps out the "Dago Red" team when he can. "But at

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARFIT

the same time if somebody's really broken, he doesn't want anybody to know." Edwards had made these observations while watching the "Dago Red" crew prepare their aircraft for an early heat held Friday, two days earlier. Preparations that day had been typical of every day the crew and plane had spent at the races: they had changed oil and spark plugs and submitted the oil to a chemical analysis to determine, in the words of another crew member, "if there are any strange substances in it, like pieces of metal." They had checked the magnetos, changed the coolant (the engines in most of the fastest planes are liquid-cooled), and polished, polished, polished.

The pits sometimes looked like a carwash, there were so many people buffing metal with rags. Pilots and aerodynamicists debate heatedly over whether a shiny wing is any faster than just a clean wing, but most of the crews seemed to share the philosophy of Frank Taylor: "A lot of folks say it doesn't help, but we don't mind if they don't polish theirs."

By Friday the two favorites for the final race were already Frank Sanders's Sea Fury "Dreadnought," which had set the fastest qualifying time, and Taylor's "Dago Red," which had won the championship last year and had recently set a straight-line speed record of 517.08 miles per hour. The jockeying between them for psychological advantage after that day's heat proved Edwards's remarks. In that race "Dreadnought" had gone out fast, taken the lead, and held it until about two laps from the end, when Rick Brickert, the stoic young Air National Guard pilot who flies "Dago Red" for Taylor, whisked past the Sea Fury and beat it easily to the huge chequered flag. On the ground afterwards everyone (except Brickert, who seems eternally serious) was grinning from ear to ear with concealed secrets. "He eased off," Taylor said, implying that "Dago Red" had just casually backed into the win (at 420.226 miles an hour). When asked by a reporter, "Why did he pass you?" the pilot of "Dreadnought," Neil Anderson, a professional test pilot flying in Reno for the first time, practically broke into guffaws.

"We're not in a hurry yet," he said. "We ran our race; we didn't run his race."

After that heat it seemed as if the mechanics were not able to keep their hands off the airplanes for the time needed to fly the race; they clambered over the machines with loving, anxious hands, doing all the things they had just finished doing before. Around them the whole show that is the air races boomed, roared, zoomed, and thundered. Biplanes and Formula 1 racers whined through the course like dragonflies, like bees. The T–6 racers lumbered around in clumps—they are required to remain mostly stock in configuration; so their races are usually the closest and most hair-raising of the week. Aerobatic stars—Art Scholl, Leo Loudenslager, Joann Nottke, the Eagles—did loops, rolls, and endless smoky lomcevaks, the tumbling maneuver sometimes known for its violence as the Polish Headache, although the word is Czechoslovakian. Outside the stadium, visitors could buy belt buckles, radio-controlled model P–51s, beer, hats, or even a picnic table made out of an old 285-horsepower, radial engine. Like the aircraft themselves, everything was sponsored by somebody—Budweiser, Pennzoil, Amsoil, Rent a Dent. Even the portable toilets had a name—Sand Boxes.

(Above) *Planes gather on a runway just before the Unlimited race. Veteran test pilot Bob Hoover flew the bright yellow Mustang as pace plane and hovered nearby to help any pilot in trouble during the race.* (Opposite) *Champion of the Unlimiteds in 1982, the P-51 Mustang "Dago Red" receives loving care from its crew who hoped to repeat the win. While there is no proof that a polished plane is faster than an unpolished one, the "Dago Red" crew takes no chances.*

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARK

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARFIT

They were sponsored by the Sands Hotel and Casino.

While out of the stands, the audience could also collect autographs. The atmosphere of nostalgia that one could get just from one walk in the pits among the old planes was further enriched by the presence under awnings of two elderly men selling books: Pappy Boyington, famous for the Black Sheep Squadron that made a name for itself in the Pacific fighting Japanese; and two booths down, Masajiro "Mike" Kawato, an ace for the Japanese Air Force who fought in a Zero. Kawato was wearing a cap bearing the legend: NASA.

The United States Army dropped skydivers; Canadians performed magnificent aerobatics in formations of small trainer jets that were so quiet the loudspeakers played music during some of their acts, making it seem that the little jets were propelled into the air entirely by joy. Each morning the formal opening of the races was accomplished by the passage of military aircraft at just the precise moment the small Reno Air Race Band finished playing the National Anthem, a piece of astute timing that was typical of the management of the whole show, which allowed silence only once, for a few minutes before Sunday's ultimate race. At all other times the air was full of sound.

ONE DAY THE BAND, WHICH RODE AROUND IN A 1917 American LaFrance fire truck, warmed up some of the race participants by playing bump and grind music in front of the area in the pits occupied by a plane called "Lou IV." The women of "Lou IV," who were listed by name on the plane's landing gear fairings (beneath other headings listing the crew) as "Entertainment," emerged from their own truck's trailer to dance seductively in front of the wing. One of the crew watched admiringly. "That," he said, "ought to make the plane go faster."

That was on Saturday, the second day that the crews of "Dago Red" and "Dreadnought" jousted for physical and mental supremacy prior to the big race. Late that afternoon the planes were again pried away from the outstretched arms of their mechanics and sent aloft. The race was roughly similar to Friday's, except that "Dago Red" had not come bursting in from behind to take it. "Dreadnought," its huge, 28-cylinder, Pratt and Whitney radial engine giving out a smooth, deep roar, somehow more resonant than the rattling shout of the Mustang, thundered through the race in command all the way and won by a couple of seconds. Once again there was delight and perhaps some dissembling in the pits.

"The Sea Fury was running wide open," Frank Taylor said, adding with a nonchalant shrug that "Dago Red" probably had a fouled spark plug. Taylor, cheerfully bouncy, made a point of relishing the speed at which his competition had raced (435.585 mph, a new course record): "We want to encourage those guys to run as hard as they can," he said. "We believe they have a heating problem." The P–51 had, in fact, not really forced the pace, and had actually been

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARFIT

(Opposite) *"Dago Red" is readied to meet her chief rival, the Sea Fury "Dreadnought," in the 1983 Unlimited Class.* (Above) *Nine "Snowbirds" add color and excitement at the Reno Air Show as they speed overhead in close formation. The Snowbirds are members of the 431 Air Demonstration Squadron of the Canadian Forces and are considered by many to be "the most impressive airshow act in North America." Flying the CT-114 Tutor, a Canadian-built jet trainer, the Snowbirds excel in carefully choreographed routines.*

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pressed for second by Lyle Shelton, a former Reno champion, who was flying a Grumman F8F Bearcat nicknamed "Rare Bear." ("Rare Bear's" propeller is so long that the plane has to land tail-low: if it were to touch down level the prop would hit the ground before the wheels.) Shelton flew above and outside the P–51 in the turns, close but almost invisible. "I knew he was there," Brickert said seriously. "I saw his shadow."

But over in the "Dreadnought" pits no shadows were in evidence. Anderson was asked if his airplane had more power available for the following day. "Yessir," he said happily. "The only heartburn we have is how MUCH more we have. We just don't know."

On Sunday several people learned fast. The racers passed the early pylons in a tight group, with the great hulk of "Dreadnought" out in front. "Dreadnought," a hybrid Sea Fury that was racing here for the first time, has such a huge barrel of a cowling that it is reminiscent of the big, nose-heavy airplanes that raced in the famous Cleveland Air Races just before and after World War II. But even its huge size seemed to diminish at the far reaches of the course. From the pits the planes were just tiny bright shapes against the desert hills, looking no bigger than balsa gliders; fragile vessels indeed in which to place so many hopes.

One of the planes got into trouble right away. An aircraft that has mechanical difficulties at Reno tries, if possible, to trade all that speed it has at ground level for altitude; so the first hint spectators usually have of difficulty is when a plane seems to soar in sudden enthusiasm toward the sun. Before the first lap was finished on Sunday, a plane named "Strega," flown by the man who had piloted "Dago Red" to victory in 1982, had gone sailing away into the blue, its engine blown and oil blanketing the windshield.

But before "Strega" even returned to earth, gliding down easily for a powerless landing, to be towed back to the pits with its cowling completely covered with golden-brown oil, Brickert in "Dago Red" made his move. On the first run through the home stretch in front of the stands, where the airplanes abruptly assume their true size and come blazing past the fans in a sudden fury of noise, Brickert pushed the engine to its ultimate. "Goodbye, Sea Fury," he later told reporters he was thinking. And that's how it seemed. As both aircraft banked toward Pylon 1, going into the steep turn that can subject racing pilots to centrifugal forces so high that they can lose vision, "Dago Red" swept past "Dreadnought" and into the lead. On top of the red trailer the crew whooped.

The rules in pylon racing are few but clear. You pass to the outside; you may not cut a pylon; you may not get closer to the ground than pilot's eye level to the pylon's top. This rule, which does allow your wingtip to get much closer to that dangerous mat of sagebrush, is sometimes stretched. When you see a plane climbing to get even with the pylon you know it has been playing wicked games with the ground. Reputations—and obituaries—are made of such daring. Lefty Gardner, who flies a P–28 named "White Lightnin'" that wears the defiant number 13, is notorious for skimming low. "He hit a rabbit once," another pilot said, untruthfully. Gardner did take the top off a juniper tree one year, without crashing, and according to air race legend he told the inquisitive Federal Aviation Administration official who inspected the damage to the wingtip that he had run into a bird. The official is said to have replied: "Right, but you didn't have to take him out of his nest."

OUT AT THE PYLONS, WHERE JUDGES ARE INSTALLED to make sure the planes don't cut the course short, all aircraft seem to approach at eye level. First-time visitors out there, where only the judges and the press are allowed, are inclined to want to dive under parked automobiles the first few times the planes come past. The aircraft seem quiet and slow in the distance, floating around other pylons, then suddenly they are HERE, blasting across

the earth like flung locomotives, slamming the ground with noise, and then tearing away with their frightful sound into the next turn. In their wake the air seems to whisper to itself an urgent, fading message. It is the sound of air whirling in air: the whisper of the wingtip vortices, the little tornados left in the air by the passage of all that lift. The hiss of the vortices is not loud, but it can be venomous: while normal air turbulence just bounces the racers around, an encounter with a vortex can turn one upside down. No wonder part of the skill of racing is keeping out of the wake of the plane in front, searching, in one pilot's words, for clean air.

The search for clean air, and for victory , is underlaid by a more fundamental desire: Survival. Air racing is dangerous. On that Friday at Reno a pilot from San Diego made a forced landing on a lake shore just east of the course, damaging his P–51 but not, fortunately, himself. Saturday saw a more amazing story. A tiny biplane with an innovative design swung in tightly around a pylon, suffered a high speed stall—stalling in an aircraft means losing flying capability, not engine power—and slid right into the ground at over 150 miles an hour. The bits and pieces of the plane were later hauled away through the pits in the back of a truck, looking like the remains of a fiber-glass boat that had been dropped off a building, but the pilot, only slightly injured, walked away.

Few of the racers admit to fear. They seem to approach the task on hand with less moodiness than rodeo bull-riders. Shortly before climbing into "Dago Red" for Sunday's all-out race, Rick Brickert was seriously telling friends about, of all things, other people's emergencies. Only occasionally, it seems, do uncertainties cross racers' minds. "About five minutes before I start the engine I look around," said Earl Ketchen, pilot of a P–51 named "Habu." "I think, of a hundred thousand people here, why does it have to be me in this cockpit? But then you forget everything except flying that airplane as straight and as tight around the turns as possible. Out here we're running flat out, pressing the outside of the flight envelope. We're ready to accept the risk."

But pilots do die. The famous Cleveland Air Races, which drew millions to that city for ten years before and after World War II, ended for good when a P-51 crashed into a home in the nearby community of Berea, Ohio. A woman and a child in the house died there, and the tragedy effectively ended the era of air racing, of which Reno is a last, though healthy, survivor. (The Reno race is flown entirely over unpopulated desert.) Reno itself has been burdened with tragedy: single wrecks, mid-air collisions, and one terribly vivid accident when a plane carrying a wing-walker inverted ran into a bit of turbulence and hit the wing-walker on the pavement. And on the side of "Dago Red," in small script under more enthusiastic messages is the brief legend: "Thanks for being. Jim Maloney." Maloney and another pilot, Jim Orton, were killed in May flying an old military trainer in Arizona.

On top of his trailer that Sunday afternoon Frank Taylor was not thinking about death. His victory becoming more and more resounding every minute, he was thinking up uncomplimentary things to say about "Dreadnought." "How's the Sea Slug doing?" he asked his timer. The answer was encouraging: "Lost a whole second that lap." Taylor dared fate, claiming his triumph early: "Sorry, Sanders," he said.

On the radio came Brickert's voice: "Is there anybody behind me?"

There was no one in reach. A woman crew member who was keeping track of laps said, "Lap Six." "Dago Red's" lead was half a mile. "Just hold together," Taylor said. "Just hold together."

The planes roared past, turned past pylons one, two, three, four, five. They were tiny against far hills. Pylons six, seven, eight. And then the lean, red Mustang leaped for the safety of the sky, soaring above the home stretch, two laps early.

"Lap Seven," said the woman. Taylor said something else. From the radio came the steady voice of Brickert, talking to Hoover, who would guide him down to safety. "Dreadnought" droned on, suddenly alone out front. The blue-clad crew on top of the trailer on the other side of the pits erupted in cheering. It was over. "Dreadnought" cruised home.

The winning speed: 425.242 miles an hour. The winning time: 10:22.20. It had seemed like hours.

Late in the afternoon the Reno Air Races came to an end with a burst of thunderous noise—the show put on by the U.S. Navy's Blue Angel aerobatic team. In the pits few watched. Over where "Dreadnought" was parked, crew members were spraying each other with beer, a dampening process that one enthusiast accelerated by dumping a whole cooler-full of melted ice water over, among others, Frank Sanders's wife. Neil Anderson's smile reached all the way back to the gold. "How's that for a rookie plane and a rookie pilot?" he asked of no one.

Over by "Dago Red" the crew once again had its airplane back, and the mechanics were running exploratory, tender fingers over the tiny bend in the spinner—the little nose cone—that had so suddenly, ironically, ended their year. Rick Brickert looked serious, telling reporters over and over how it had been: "It felt like a sledgehammer had hit, it started shaking real bad, then it started to oil." Frank Taylor was grinning and talking about a new attempt at the speed record, bouncy once more. Ken Robertson's ever-tolerant smile—tolerant of the impossibility of perfection—showed in the gathering of wrinkles by his eyes. The Blue Angels made a deafening pass overhead and then vanished for the year. Suddenly the rattle of an aluminum pop-can blowing through the pits seemed loud.

For information on the 1984 races, write: National Championship Air Races, P.O. Box 1429, Reno, Nevada 89505.

Michael Parfit *is a West Coast free-lance writer whose latest book is* Last Stand at Rosebud Creek. *See, also, his "Bonneville Salt Flats" in* AMERICAN WEST, *July/August 1983.*

A group of T-6's approach a pylon at the Reno Races. Denied modifications that are allowed in the Unlimited Class, the T-6's remain relatively slow. Consequently, especial skill is needed by a pilot in order to pull his plane ahead of the pack.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL PARFIT

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LETTERS *(Continued from page 17)*

Thomas Roberts at Apache Pass. They were defeated disastrously when, after hours of sniper fire, the soldiers were able to set up howitzers with which they drove the Apaches from their places of hiding on the hillside. Between forty and sixty Apaches were killed before they fled. The soldiers lost two men.

During the next ten years Cochise, accusedly armed in part by Jeffords, went on to become a famous warrior by robbing freight wagons, ambushing travelers, slaughtering unarmed Mexicans, and killing women and children on lone ranches. That, without romantics but more plausible, is the seldom-told story of the beautiful friendship between Jeffords and Cochise. That is why the Arizona settlers did not "understand" Jeffords and Cochise.

Ernest H. Smith
Temecula, California

C. L. Sonnichsen, author of "Tom Jeffords, Friend of Cochise," answers Mr. Smith's letter as follows.—Ed.

I should like to comment on the letter by Ernest H. Smith printed in this issue, regarding my brief article on Tom Jeffords which you carried in the September/October 1983 number. A longer article titled "Who Was Tom Jeffords" appeared in the winter 1983 issue of the *Journal of Arizona History*. It comments on several of the points raised by Mr. Smith, but in addition I have letters from two leading Southwestern scholars reacting to Mr. Smith's statements. Dan Thrapp is the top authority on the Apache wars, and Edwin R. Sweeney will soon publish a book about Cochise. They agree that Smith's sources have to be used with caution.

Dr. Henry Turrill, post surgeon at Fort Bayard, for example, expressed his views thirty years after the events. He confuses the relationships of the great Apache chiefs, though he claims to have understood and spoken the Apache language, and is guilty, according to Thrapp, of "general unreliability." Turrill is the one who says that Jeffords had left the mail service at the time of his famous visit to Cochise and "was supposed to be prospecting" at the time. Sweeney has evidence, from newspaper and other sources, that Jeffords continued as mail contractor until at least 1868. Nothing has been offered to disprove Tom's statement that he visited Cochise in 1867 to ask that his mail riders be spared. Though Sweeney doubts that Tom met Cochise before 1870, Thrapp insists that Tom's account must be accepted until solid proof contradicts it.

Thrapp and Sweeney exonerate Jeffords from the charge of overestimating the number of Indians on the reservation. He did apply for extra rations for Indians from other reservations who dropped in. He thought this would keep them from raiding in Arizona. They question also the statement that Cochise "is conceded to have murdered a thousand people" between 1862 and 1872. "I do not know," says Thrapp, "who concedes this—surely no one familiar with the facts of the matter. But exaggerations appear to have surrounded Cochise like a swarm of gnats all his life, and to have grown since he passed on."

Of the Apache Pass fight, in which Smith alleges that "six or seven hundred" warriors were involved, of whom forty to sixty died, Thrapp says, "80 to 100 warriors would have been a generous guess," and adds, "Had he read my *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches* as he should have before commenting on the matter, he would know that the official army count of dead Apaches at Apache Pass on that day was 10, and that count might have been high . . . the fight was a standoff as far as casualties were concerned."

Jeffords was, of course, a controversial character during and after his tenure as Indian agent. High-ranking army officers, including George Crook, wanted him out of there. Civilians clamored to have the reservation abolished and the Chiricahuas moved away from the border. Rumors spread that bands were raiding in Mexico, with the connivance and support of their agent. The campaign exploded in 1876 when Editor John Wasson of the Tucson *Citizen* published a vicious and brutal attack against Jeffords, calling him a murderer and an "incarnate demon" and promising to

(Continued on page 58)

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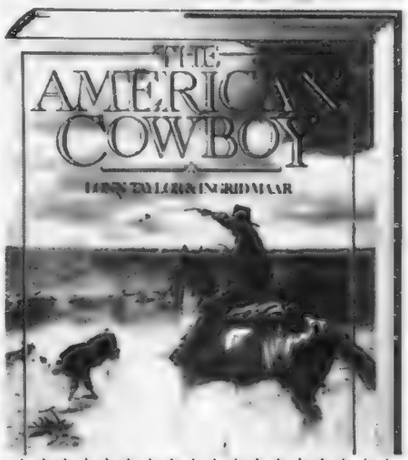

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One well-remembered

High water, a peppery horse, and barbed wire

by C. O. Peterson

MANY CHRISTMASES HAVE PASSED DURING MY TIME. Some were just pleasant family holidays. One I would rather forget—others went by almost unnoticed—but after the passing of sixty years, one still remains clear and bright in my memory.

If you have the time, sit and listen. The telling will not take long.

It was back in 1919. A partner and I were living that winter in a cabin at the junction of the Merced River and its South Fork in the Mother Lode country of California. Rising river-flow had stopped our placer mining; so, we were fur trapping. Fur prices were good that year, small furbearers were plentiful, and we were quite successful in our trapping efforts.

It was sunup of a sharp, bright, late-December day when I saddled up, buttoned a couple of pieces of jerky, a couple of stale biscuits, and a half-dozen dried apricots in a jacket pocket for lunch and set out for a day of scouting an extension of our trapline up the South Fork Canyon. My mount was a peppery, little black mare, well trained but temperamental at times, with almost too much life for my riding ability.

Harry, my partner, a tough old Scot, remarked casually that he would stay at the cabin and "rest and do some cooking."

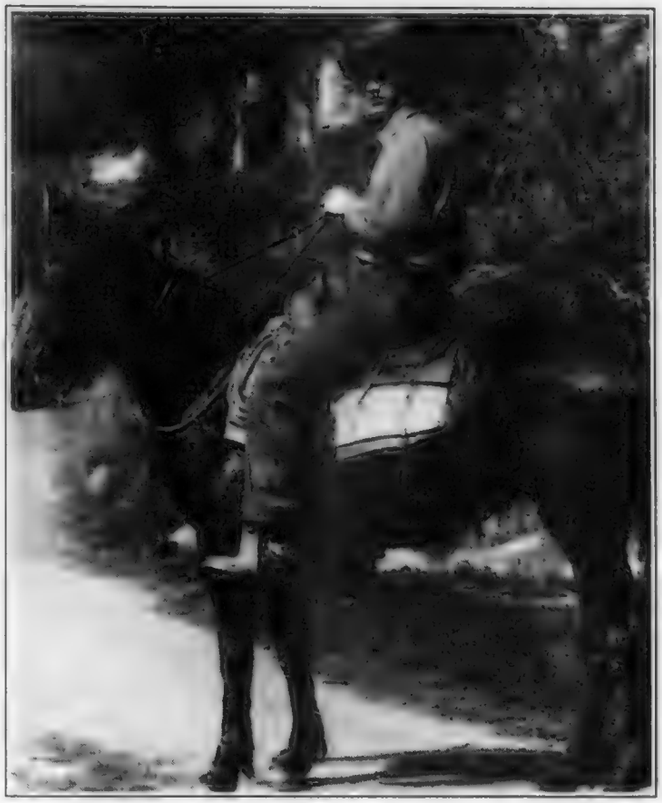
From our cabin my route was by the trail upriver to the now long-gone mining camp of Hites' Cove and from there to the saddle of the high ridge between the South Fork and the Merced River. My meanderings to that point were something more than eight miles. It was after noon when I reached the top of the ridge and decided to go on down to the Merced River and after fording it, ride down to Clearinghouse to pick up our mail, then continue down river to ford it again near our cabin.

I had overlooked the possibility of runoff from an early snowfall in the high country. When I reached the Indian Flat ford, I found the fast river-water higher than usual. My little mare was a good "water horse" and entered the ford willingly. I let her pick her way over the rocky bottom, but in the fast, belly-deep water she lost her footing and went down, soaking me to the waist and getting water in her nose. As usual with most horses in such cases, she panicked a bit and plunged back to shore. Probably having more good sense than I did, she refused to enter the water again. I was not wearing spurs—they probably wouldn't have helped anyway—but I kept urging her until she started to pitch and threw me into a tangle of old barbwire of Billy Lances's abandoned pasture fence. As soon as she felt the wire, she stood quietly while I tramped the wire down, lifted her hooves free one at a time, then tied her to a nearby tree. She had only a few shallow wire-scratches.

My chaps had protected my legs, but a barb had split the right sleeve of my canvas jacket and cut a straight, four-inch gash down the inside of my forearm. I bound my arm tightly with my bandana, but the continued bleeding worried me. The blood ran down off my fingers in a steady trickle. I cut and tore a strip from the sleeve of my "longjohn" undershirt, rolled it tightly, and laid it on the long wound. Using my teeth and left hand I bound the roll tightly in place with the rinsed bandana. The bleeding stopped.

By that time the sun had dropped behind the hills, and the down-canyon wind was cold. I built a driftwood fire on a sandbar, then pulled off chaps, boots, pants, and longjohns,

Christmas



COURTESY THE AUTHOR

The author sits the capricious little mare who shared his adventure in the California Sierra on Christmas Day in 1919. Taken after the experience recounted here, the photograph shows that the rider took to wearing spurs to persuade his temperamental mount that cooperation is the best policy.

wrung out the clothes and partly dried them—and felt better.

The river was still rising, too deep to ford and too fast to swim. I had no choice but to return over the mountain to Hites' Cove and on homeward down the river trail. The mare was quiet and willing to head for home. So, I mounted and let her pick her way up the steep, rocky trail. It was full dark when I reached the summit of the ridge. The high peaks were moonlit, but below me the canyon of the South Fork was black as a coal pit. By the time I reached Hites' Cove, the moon had climbed above the peaks, and all of the canyon was moonlit. I remember that the ride down the river trail was beautiful, but I would have enjoyed it more under other circumstances.

It was about 10:00 P.M. when I unsaddled near the cabin, gave the little mare a special treat of a quart of rolled barley, and turned her loose.

There was a light in the cabin, and when I opened the door I was met by a blast of cussing that really warmed me up. (Harry was very proficient and didn't repeat or stutter.) He had been preparing his knapsack with emergency supplies and had the intention of starting out in the moonlit night to look for me. When he slowed down his tirade to catch his breath, I gave a sketchy account of the day's happenings, and he simmered down to a grumble.

I can still remember his gentleness as he washed my arm and did a skillful job of closing the gaping slash with adhesive-tape from our scanty first-aid kit, then bandaged it with strips torn from a much washed flour-sack towel. Then, as he stoked up the little cookstove and moved various pans and dishes to warm, I heard him mutter about "damm-fool kid" and "a hell of a time for a Christmas dinner." It was only then that I remembered the date. I had forgotten it completely, but Harry hadn't. His casual morning-remark that he would "stay at the cabin and rest and do some cooking" evidently had been a cover-up for his dinner plans.

And what a dinner! I almost shed tears when I finally realized the extent of his day's cooking endeavors. There was a loin roast of venison, and one of his specialties—beans baked with a topping of canned cove-oysters and a generous cross-hatching of bacon strips. There were baking-powder biscuits and—wonder of wonders—a real pie with filling of dried peaches and apricots. And of course there was a potful of coffee.

It was into the first hour of December 26 when we finished eating and cleaning the dishes and were ready to turn into our bunks. Also, I had promised never again to go alone on a day's prowling of the backcountry without first giving Harry a detailed plan of my route and destination. I never broke that promise.

The day could not have honestly been called a "Merry Christmas," but it did end well, and peacefully, and is well remembered. And too, I know that there couldn't have been a better partner than Harry Chamberlain—on Christmas Day—or any other day of the year.

C. O. Peterson *was a transplanted Yankee in the Sierra Nevada in 1919 when he spent the Christmas Day recounted above. Always at home in the outdoors, he worked at a number of jobs before spending twenty-eight years in the United States Forest Service, retiring in 1964.*

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The Story of Chalkeye: A Wind River Romance

This was a first essay—begun early in 1891 and never finished.

by Owen Wister

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY JOHN EDWARDS

AMERICAN WEST is happy to share with its readers an unfinished and previously unpublished manuscript by Owen Wister (1860–1938). In his classic work, **The Virginian** *(1902), Wister established a cowboy as the hero for the Western tale, imitated throughout the years by numerous other writers of Western fiction.*

The Story of Chalkeye: A Wind River Romance *was Wister's first Western story. On the title page of the manuscript, Wister wrote in longhand, "This was a first essay–begun early in 1891 and never finished." The manuscript was mentioned several times in Wister's diary, the first date being June 10, 1891. (See* **Owen Wister Out West: His Journals and Letters** *[1958], edited by the author's daughter, Fanny Kemble Wister.) But the manuscript was not discovered until more than thirty years after Wister's death, when Fanny Kemble Wister Stokes found it among her father's belongings in an attic of the Wister home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, a short time before the house was torn down in 1971. Mrs. Stokes has placed the original manuscript in the Owen Wister Collection at the University of Wyoming.*

The unfinished story about Chalkeye consists of two completed chapters plus the beginning of a third, five pages of beautiful description and some dialogue. AMERICAN WEST brings you the two finished chapters, omitting the beginning of the third because of lack of space.

COURTESY AMERICAN HERITAGE CENTER UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

Enjoying Chalkeye territory, Owen Wister's hunting party poses in camp at Jackson, Wyoming, in 1887. Standing at right, Wister pours a drink for Tigie, the Indian who helped him shoot a grizzly bear. Seated left to right are George Norman and Copley Armory, Wister's companions from Boston; and guides George West and Jules Mason.

CHAPTER I

MR. LUDLOW WEEKS, OF NEW YORK, WITH AN English express rifle of the latest model in his left hand, stood somewhat irresolute by the door of a cabin. The young man was on his way down the river. He had finished a two months trip among the mountains of northwestern Wyoming. It was his first experience of hunting; and his party had been successful enough to kill so many more elk than they could dismantle of their horns and hides, or eat up in camp, that twenty carcasses, weighing each some six hundred pounds, had been left behind untouched, rotting where they fell among the hills, as witnesses of the sportsman-like spirit and skill of their slayers. It had occasioned Mr. Weeks the most poignant thrill of pleasure he had yet known, to pump lead into the grave, staring animals. For often they had been so ignorant as to feel nothing save curiosity at the sight of a civilized Eastern gentleman suddenly riding among their ranks. And now his outfit, not dismounted, but halted some hundred yards from where the youth was standing at the cabin-door, showed visible proof of his achievements. Large antlers stuck out of the packs, tilting askew when the horse that carried them shifted his foot, and the whole burden allotted to one animal was a many folded hump of hides, among which could be discerned protruding the long curved nails of a bear.

"Why don't you knock?" shouted his friend Livingston, also from New York.

"Nobody's here. There's a notice."

"A notice?"

"Tacked on the door. It says 'Sep. 15. Off traping.' One p you know. 'Back in 10 days. J. H.'"

"Dat's Chalkeye," said old Martin, the guide and hunter of the party. His father had been French, his mother a Squaw; both married to other people at the time, which was some sixty years ago, near the Sault-Sainte Marie.

"Why it's the 30th now," observed Mr. Weeks. "He's five days late." And then, moved by a hardly logical impulse, he knocked loudly on the door, making the silent cabin resound.

Upon this, there came immediately from the cottonwoods by the river a rustling and breaking of little twigs. The youth looked and saw the dust brown side of an elk calf moving at the edge of the leaves. It stepped gently into the open, lifting its head towards the cabin, and sank floundering, with a ragged hole in its ribs. A blue delicate vapor rose from the muzzle of Mr. Weeks's rifle and died away.

"Well, well, you've got him, sure," said Martin. Then that old half-breed trapper leaned on his two hands that were

clasped over the horn of his saddle, and had what he termed "a seldom thing," namely a laugh.

The New Yorker smiled the insecure smile we use when anxious to be in sympathy with unexplained mirth. His eyes wandered to the faces of the other men.

"Dat's as fine a shoot as you have done, Mr. Weeks," Martin continued in his faded voice. "By Goaly!" and again the tight brown skin over the cheeks lean with years and exposure wrinkled in mirth—not hearty, but full of the relish of derision—and the guide's frame shook as he bent over the saddle-horn. Then he waved his long arm towards the elk. "Yu'd better get the collar off him," he said, "Chalkeye'd give the collar to yu'."

"Do you mean the thing was a tame one?" inquired Weeks, uncomfortably.

"Sure. Chalkeye raise him. The calf hears you knocking and he tink Chalkeye come home again and going to give him dinner. By Goaly, boys!" And Martin opened his bony whimsical jaws, and turned half round to look at the cook and the packer. They, seeing the smooth hole his lips made, whose length covered all teeth from view, burst suddenly into boisterous and uncontrolled delight.

Livingston was annoyed. "Go and see how much he's hurt," he called to his friend. His voice and manner somehow caused the cook and the packer to cease. They were young Americans of his age, and both had come to like him heartily. But Martin's day was done, and he cared for nothing very much in this world. He continued to enjoy the situation. The over fat figure of Mr. Weeks proceeded across to where the elk lay. As he went, an imposing bird with black, wide wings flapped from behind a hay-stack, and approached with lumbering jumps.

"Take a shoot at Chalkeye's eagle," said Martin.

At this advice, cook and packer broke out once more, and Livingston joined them, for that matter.

"Does the man keep a circus?" said Mr. Weeks in a peevish voice, as he stood over the elk.

Its head rested on a clump of sage-brush, slanting crookedly up from the neck. It was too far gone to change into an easier position. Its great open eyes were without expression, and the two front legs folded strangely over each other. From moment to moment its nose jerked almost imperceptibly, the mouth opening a little with the same convulsion. Mr. Weeks, seeing the black leather strap round its neck, felt badly.

"Lend me your knife, Harry," he called to Livingston. "Or no. Never mind. I'll do it with the rifle."

The operation of throat-cutting was always distasteful to the young man, and in this particular instance seemed impossible. So he put the barrel to the calf's head, and as the annihilated creature rolled over in the dirt, the clump of sage-brush, relieved from the weight of its head, rose instantly again to its natural height and shape, unstained and unchanged by the destruction wrought so nearby. The eagle, soon aware that its master had not returned, perched on the bars of a corral, and eyed the newcomers with its serene and fierce gaze. It was a cripple, and never journeyed far from James Hilary's (Chalkeye's) cabin, requiring to be fed by him in winter, and prefering to be fed at all times; though while various small animals remained out of their winter quarters and ran on the earth's surface, the eagle could shift for itself.

"Better camp along here," said Martin to Livingston. "De horses are hungry. Dat meadow," he pointed down the river where Chalkeye's stock were widely dotted, "is grand pasture."

An Eastern horse would not have thought so, to see the cattle among the grey sage-brush and the lumpy yellow tufts of grass, with desolate bluffs beyond.

"How far is the next good place?" inquired Weeks.

"Oh—six—seven—mile, by Warm Spring Creek," replied Martin, and looked at the sun down the valley to the right. It was almost against the ridges of the Continental Divide, which comes sweeping far and clear from the South slowly nearer the river. Just at Chalkeye's cabin the mountains begin to hem the west bank more steeply in, and the pines lie not far above the level of the valley. Not twenty miles above, all spread of the bottom ends, and the headwaters narrow, split, and disappear in nameless threads among the forests.

The party dismounted. The ropes over the packs loosened and fell round the feet of the expectant horses. These, familiar with that herald of their relief, stepped out of the coils; and as soon as they felt the sweaty cinches loosen, moved forward, leaving their saddles in the hands of the men, and after a preliminary roll trotted away by twos and threes.

"Of course I shall leave some money for him, and a note," muttered Weeks to Livingston. They were dragging the rolls of their blankets towards the spot chosen for their tent.

"What will you say?" asked the other.

"Why simply explain, and say I am very sorry for the mistake. There's nothing so difficult about it that I can see."

"Yu' can tell him yourself," remarked Martin, who had overheard this talk. "That's Chalkeye coming down the Warm Springs Trail."

Up on the hill a horseman had just emerged from the pines. The cook and packer paused a moment to survey the far off object.

"That's Hilary," one assented.

"That's the blue C.Y. horse he's leading, Link Trampas traded off to him last Spring," said the other, and they resumed their work about the camp. Old Martin was rolling a cigarette. He never worked, being hired as hunter and guide.

"Chalkeye'll be plumb surprised," he said to the Easterners, who were sharpening tent pegs.

Meanwhile, the horseman followed by his pack-horse had moved down the trail, which was a mere line of different color on the hillside. He had seen the party below before they had seen him. But as he came slowly across the level towards his cabin, he contemplated them with grave indifference. Weeks and Livingston had expected him to ride up to their camp, or at least to hail his acquaintances. They had not fathomed the peculiar reticence of that country—a reticence not far different from that of a child in the room where a stranger is calling upon its parents. There was no manifestation from any person present. Martin smoked his cigarette, the cook and the packer continued to get the camp into shape, and Mr. James Hilary did not deviate at all from his homeward course; though as a matter of fact he was pleased at the prospect of company that evening, and was just now thinking of a game of cards with his friend the packer for their respective rifles.

"That is," he reflected as he rode, "provided he's got that Winchester along on this dude outfit."

A little in front of him trotted a large hairy dog, flashily brindled in patches of black and white.

"He's had Skunk along," observed the cook, carrying a pail of water to the fire from the river.

"Dat dog is the gol-darndest animal in the country," said Martin.

"He come into Caliph from the States on a circus. Chalkeye—he win him playing monte with the circus man las' Danksgiving."

"Hi! you Uncle Sam! shet up!" shouted Chalkeye, now close to his cabin.

But it was none of the party he spoke to. The eagle, perceiving its master really returned, had flapped down from the bars of the corral, and was jumping along to meet him. The hairy dog, evidently impelled by the pleasures of memory, immediately raised himself on his hind-legs and waved his paws at the bird, setting up a high, singing howl. This the eagle understood from previous demonstrations of the sort, was intended as an insult. So forgetting all about its master, it charged furiously at the dog. He, well knowing he could outrun the adversary, prolonged the performance for a moment. But he failed to notice he had got the cabin directly behind him; and when the apt instant for flight came, he ran blindly against the logs. In a second Uncle Sam had him, and screeched with joy. Chalkeye dropped nimbly from his horse and parted the combatants, informing both of them that it was no sort of thing for gentlemen who were friends to forget themselves so far. The dog went down to the water, and the eagle stepped about in front of the door, clearly under the elation of vindicated honor.

"Why you spiteful fowl," said Chalkeye. Then he threatened it amicably with his hand. "Anybody'd take you for a hen you're so sensitive."

The eagle resented his threat, and pretended to bite him.

"Hello Chalkeye!" said the cook, by way of greeting. The code of reticence permitted speech, now that a decent time had elapsed since parties had been within speaking distance.

"Hello!" responded Mr. Hilary, beginning to loosen the ropes over his pack-horse. "Step up, Uncle Samuel," he added to the eagle behind him, who came at once, and on receiving a chunk of a black-tail deer that hung across the horse, hurried off behind the haystack.

"Yu' need a woman up here, Chalkeye, instead of fooling with birds of prey that don't appreciate your appearance," said the packer.

"That's just my idea," replied Mr. Hilary. "I'm clean thrown away on the bastard."

The winning tone of his voice awakened interest in the New Yorkers.

"Yu'll be forgetting what girls look like hermitting this way," continued the packer.

"Since when have you needed to keep a view on them to refresh your memory?" inquired Chalkeye, busy with carrying his effects into the cabin. Then he stood at the door, a tall alert figure, with a lively and expressive face under his hat's wide stained rim. A rattlesnake's skin was the ornamental band of this hat. He looked round the meadow in various directions, and then back towards the cottonwoods where the river ran. Then he gave a peculiar whistle and waited.

"Dat's calling the calf," explained Martin to Mr. Weeks.

"O Typo!" called Chalkeye. "Where are you keeping yourself, Mr. Typo?" And again he whistled and waited.

Ludlow Weeks approached the cabin, and the packer followed to "keep Chalkeye easy at the go off"—if there was to be any go off. "Though I've never seen him do anything but what was deserved," he admitted; "but he's been so precautious over raising that elk."

"Mr. Hilary, my name is Weeks," began that young gentleman, glad to see Hilary must be quite as young as himself—twenty-five—and attracted by the extreme sweetness of his glance and smile.

"Very happy to know you, Mr. Weeks," said Hilary.

"Take a seat inside." He whistled a third time.

"Mr. Hilary, don't whistle for that elk," blurted out Weeks.

Chalkeye whistled no longer. His eyes suddenly settled on the speaker.

"I'm a tenderfoot, you know, and I've made a foolish blunder. I did not realize—"

Hilary knew all about it now. He had heard two shots sound from his cabin while still deep in the pines on the Warm Springs Trail. The packer, watching his face from behind Weeks, saw by a subtle change in his eyes that he knew.

"He's not going to cup up," the packer decided. "He'd have done it by now."

But Weeks could not read faces so accurately, and went on with his explanation—sincerely sorry, now that he saw what manner of man it was whose elk he had slaughtered. Chalkeye listened, regarding him steadily, not changing the tilt of his lithe body as his shoulder leaned easily against the doorpost. He let the spokesman say everything that he had to say, and duly felt in his words a genuine regret lurking.

"And it's over there behind that sage-brush," Weeks concluded.

Chalkeye, entirely silent, took his eyes from the New Yorker's face, and surveyed the rest of him with deliberation; noting the leather hunting-coat that was of a rich copper hue, something finer than anything he had seen before; noting also the double breasted check waistcoat, that buttoned gaudily over the broad glove of Mr. Weeks's front; finally noting the stout and excellent English Alpine boots. He looked over the Easterner's head at his friend the packer, and said, "Where did he get knowledge enough to keep him from killing the bird?" Chalkeye seemed to have obliterated the spokesman's presence from his mind.

Mr. Weeks flushed slightly, and his dull blue eyes looked over at the elk. Thither its tall master took his way, followed by the leather-coated and sumptuous figure of Weeks, and behind him the stunt packer in flannel shirt of grimy yellow, and overalls greased and polished to a shiny filth. His stout legs seemed forced into them like sausages, and one boot-heel was walked crooked, giving that foot the appearance of being crippled. His red face was good natured and entirely hideous. In silence they came, and stood over the sorrowful heap. Chalkeye lifted the head by one of its long soft ears. The eye was beginning to look like spoiled jelly. Chalkeye let the head fall again, which striking the soil, made a short snapping rebound, and settled sideways.

For the first and only time, its former master spoke to Mr. Weeks. "You have mighty poor habits if you wish to live long in this country," he said, looking that gentleman leisurely in the eye. He turned to his cabin, while Weeks, obeying a sign from the packer, followed that wise person back to their camp.

"I said nothing to him about money," said Weeks to Livingston, sitting in the privacy of their tent. "I don't think it would help matters."

From some place behind the Continental Divide where the sun had gone, vapors of saffron floated into sight above the peaks, pervading the sky. Slants of orange colored radiance came through the splits of rock where cañons opened far up on the range and no timber was. The Valley of Wind River winding and spreading below, turned into a violet lake, inundating sand-stone bluffs and sage-brush flats promiscuously. The rest of bad-lands on the further side from the sun, hump-like and scrofulous by day, now melted together into a clean lusciousness of more blues and purples than human eye can know that has not looked upon Wind River. Near the tent the cook was stooping round the fire whose flame began to turn red as day deserted the low level of the river. A smoke was rising from the pipe in Chalkeye's roof high into the crystal air. Presently he appeared at his door with a pot in his hand.

"You boys pretty nigh ready for some supper?" he inquired.

The notion of becoming his guest was disconcerting to Mr. Weeks. He came out of the tent quickly.

"Thank you, Mr. Hilary, our own supper is ready. Glad if you'd make one of us. I can give you a good cigar afterwards."

"Thank you, Mr. Weeks," replied Chalkeye in an even voice. "I'm staying up here this evening."

He stooped to the irrigation ditch by his door and dipped the pot full of water. Then from some impulse struck out by the attempted amends of the man who had killed his elk, he tempered his refusal. "I'm kind o' sick mealing outside," he said to Weeks; "and I guess I'll grub under a roof this first night. Come up this evening, boys," he added generally, and went into his cabin.

"He'll be all right," said the packer to Weeks, grinning. "When a feller's took suddenlike he wants time."

CHAPTER II

IN THE EVENING THE PACKER SUGGESTED CALLING ON Chalkeye. The New Yorkers said they would follow later. Old Martin said nothing. He sat apart, close to the fire, staring into it with his small black eyes. His rheumatism was at work and he could not go into the mountains many more Summers. This instinct—it was hardly a thought—

filled his brain dully every night as he sat apart near the fire. His cigarette finished, he would get into his blankets.

So only the cook and the packer entered Mr. Hilary's cabin.

"Hello!" exclaimed the cook, whose name was Bugbee, "I took ye for statuary."

Their host had shaved his stubble beard, washed face and hands, and combed his hair, which was a yellow mat of waves that grew with unexpected regularity. He had also put on a clean soft shirt of the same grey color that he invariably wore, sending to Saint Louis, and paying high for them. Chalkeye's always clean and jaunty appearance was a matter for satire among his less well-favored friends. But he would have postponed this toilet till the morning had he not expected the Eastern strangers. About such people he felt curiosity, diffidence, and contempt. Now, seeing nothing more than two dusty old acquaintances come in, his expectations fell to blankness. But all that he said was, "Got a deck, Will?" and took a home made cribbage board from the shelf.

Will brought a pack of blear eyed cards from his rear pocket. They dropped grease from the one candle upon the table, thus cementing their light that it should not fall over if the table jogged.

"Got that rifle?" inquired Chalkeye of Will the packer, presently.

"Link Trampas won it off me at his cabin coming up this trip," replied the packer.

"Be in town soon?" he asked Chalkeye after another silence, as the cook looked on at the game.

"May be. What are you figuring on doing?"

"Today finishes September," replied the packer, significantly grinning till the gape of a lost side tooth came to view. Chalkeye failed to catch his meaning.

"Where's yer memry got to?" Will said. "In six days our swear-off's up."

"Gosh!" said Chalkeye with delight. "So it is. Gosh! Will, you and me have held off from distilled corn for six months lacking six days."

"Jimmy, we have," said the packer. "And steadfast."

The cook recommended holding off for six months more. "Ye drink overly when ye're drinking," he said, critically. He was not famed for temperance himself.

"Shet up, yu' tank!" said Chalkeye, good naturedly to him, and then to the packer, "I'll be with you, Willie!" and he slapped his hand on the table cracking the grease that formed the candle's pedestal. The light rolled guttering on the floor and they had to go through the cementing process once again.

"And I'll be with you," continued the packer. "My party takes the stage for the rail-road five days from this here."

"Six days from date then—" said Chalkeye.

"At *The Silver Bar!*" shouted the packer and he together.

The cook reproved them. "Anybody'd think yer purpose was to commit excesses," he said, winking. "And hollering'll expose yer childish ways to them New York fellers."

This reminded Hilary that the evening had not brought him the company he had looked for.

"I suppose that grass bellied dude's gone to bed," he remarked.

"They'll be up soon," said the packer.

"I thought maybe still hunting domestic animals had proved too much of a strain," said Chalkeye. "Tired of pot-rustling for New York Charlies?" he inquired of Bugbee the cook.

"My system's full of it," responded that worthy.

"Weeks is dead stuck on your ranch here," said the packer. "Says he wants one like it to outfit from, Summers."

"He can't have this one," said its owner, "for I'm stuck on it myself."

"He's very wealthy," said the cook. "Related to them Vanderbilts, I'm informed."

"Vanderbilt could not have this place," Chalkeye stated.

"Ah, quit yer guff!" cried the packer. "Yu'd jump at five hundred dollars, land rights, and homestead, with improvements chucked in."

"Yes, Jim," added the cook. "I'm thinking a five hundred dollar bill'ud look mighty large to yer eyes."

"No it wouldn't," said Chalkeye.

"Weeks talked of offering ye money for guttin' the calf," the cook continued.

Chalkeye moved his "crib" pegs up the board. "Let him keep his money," he said. Then, with a trifle of awkwardness, "I was mad with him."

The door opened, and the two New Yorkers came in. Hilary rose and offered his seat.

"Don't think of disturbing yourself, Mr. Hilary," said Weeks.

"That's all right," muttered Chalkeye, looking the other way. He went out of the door, and for a moment Mr. Weeks was dismayed, supposing this handsome fellow in the clean shirt was too much ruffled to care to be in the room with him. But Hilary had merely gone to the other room of his cabin, built at right angles against the kitchen, but with no inside communication, and he now returned fetching two insecure chairs.

The party settled themselves to polite conversation.

"I thought you might join us in a little of this, Mr. Hilary," said Weeks, standing a flask on the table.

"Much obliged, but I'm not using spirits just at present," Chalkeye answered. His eye met the packer's in which greenish orb lurked a gleam of anticipation. "Just at present" was going to be over in six days.

" 'Oh dem golden slippers'," hummed the packer softly to himself, while the cook took a drink.

"It's prime stuff in my bottle," Weeks persuaded.

"Finer than ye can get in this country," murmured the cook piously, blowing his nose unaided by a handkerchief.

"It's a mighty fine bottle," said Chalkeye. "Excuse me if I look at it."

"Certainly, certainly," said Weeks effusively, as his host picked up the flask and admired the expensive silver twinings of the monogram.

"I should beg you," Weeks continued, "that is, ah—a friend brought it to me from London—otherwise ah—you must have thought me a great blunderer about the—the elk, you know—but I hope you'll find these cigars to your taste, Mr. Hilary."

The youth produced a new box, and put it into Chalkeye's hand with fervent embarrassment. This surprised that person into saying—"Why thank you, indeed! Concerning the calf, no dude could be expected—I mean—well—we folks in this country—well damn it!" finished Chalkeye, packed entirely up among his words.

"Own it, Mr. Hilary," laughed Livingston. "That's what you think. All of you out here. We're all dudes who can't be expected."

Mr. Hilary attempted to protest, laughing himself.

"Of course we are!" asserted Livingston. "That's perfectly right. I'm ready to admit I live in an Eastern city and wear a boiled shirt and in a general way don't know anything."

"That's not it," began Chalkeye.

"Yes it is. No harm's done. Put it this way. We come out here ignorant of your ways. I can't throw the diamond hitch yet, for instance, though I've seen it done before my eyes a hundred times this summer if I've seen it once."

"Now that's it," said Chalkeye. "You say out fair and square yu' don't know. What then? Why we're glad to show yu'. Glad to show yu' anything. Glad to have yu' round. But these fellers that come in here from God's country—"

"From *where?*" inquired Livingston.

"Oh—that's just what the Eastern country's named round here—these fellers," continued Mr. Hilary with much earnestness, "that come all fixed up like they were a theatrical bad man—deadly weapons sticking on every part—buckskin shirt and the fringe hangin' onter it—dandy leather straps never been used—big spurs—them's the kind. They don't get nowhere. And I'll show yu' why. They claim yu' can't tell 'em anything. They know it all. Well, they *don't* know it, and never get instructed, for no man'll do it for 'em. That kind's left right alone. Except us folks are liable to derive amusement off 'em onced in a while," Chalkeye finished, musingly.

"Ever seen that Omaha chap again?" inquired the cook.

Hilary's flaxen head flew back as he laughed loudly, and he slapped his leg. But the relish of memory prevented his speaking.

"There was an apothecary come up the river from Omaha," explained the cook to the New Yorkers. "He comed into this country all pink and soft like. Had dandy yaller little whiskers on his face. Was soon mentioned in conversation as Turk's Delight. He knew it all."

"Knew about your calling him Turk's Delight?" Weeks asked; for he was a dull young man.

Chalkeye gave him a brief stare, and the cook, having paused, said, "Well, I guess he knew that too."

"Nobody was special reticent over keeping it from him," added Chalkeye. "Hear him talk, yu'd have thought a pin could not be stuck into him anywheres outside or in without spearing four or five stratums of knowledge and experience. That apothecary considered himself aware of most everything in this world."

"Also claimed he was a natural born cattle man," put in the packer. "Told Major Cape down at the Post how scarce it was to be a leader of men," said the cook.

"Why Mr. Livingston," continued Chalkeye, "to hearken to that chap give us poor boys instruction'd have made some folks cry."

"He was a very monopolous conversationalist," observed the cook sincerely.

"Bust my shot-gun after ducks one morning," Chalkeye said. " 'Twasn't built correct,' he claimed. And never offered to get it fixed for me. Not that payin' was anything, but he'd ought to have offered anyhow."

"Makin' offers warn't one of his habits, Jimmy," remarked the packer, "barring of advice. He dropped Link Trampas'es glasses riding up a creek by the Washakie Needles. Split 'em to hell; but made no offers, as ever reached the proprietor's hearin'."

"And Link Trampas ain't hard of hearing either when it's concerning cash," observed Chalkeye.

"Ah, pshaa, James Hilary," said the packer. "Yu' don't like Link for bein' downed by him at stud poker just one time."

"He never downed me just one time or just no time," Hilary retorted with energy. Then perceiving an exchange of

delicate winks between Will the packer and Bugbee the cook, he cooled and looked slightly foolish.

"All right, James," said the packer consolingly. "We know. It was to be a square game for the sake of novelty and bein' Christmas day. And Link, he put up a deck on yu'."

"Well, that's so," muttered Chalkeye. He was fully aware his friends were getting their customary 'rise' out of him; but on this subject his feelings were easy to waylay.

"Ye're too honest, Jimmy," said Bugbee. "'Tain't prudent to expose yerself like that in this climate."

Then they laughed together, Chalkeye as much as the others. "That apothecary," continued the cook, returning to the Omaha man, "used to liquor up his handkerchief with perfumery twiced every day."

Chalkeye was lolling back, the long heel of his boot caught against his chair's edge, and hands locked round the knee that was doubled up. But now he grew interested; he stretched arms and legs, and leaned forward to narrate. "Well, anyhow," he began, "we gave him a farewell benefit Thanksgiving down at the C.Y. outfit. Yu' see, Mr. Livingston, the apothecary had sized up our plan of branding stock for a mighty poor plan. He made that discovery without ever seeing the thing done. Which was a re-markable piece of brain-work even for such as him—as I mentioned to him."

"You was playin' crib. I can see yu' now," said Bugbee, showing his red gums.

"Well, he said he wished he could see a branding and ear-marking and so forth. Also he had tried to learn all the registered brands in Wyoming but they was too many and mixed him. He talked away on this strain quite a while. Said he'd be pleased to have my judgment on some betterments he'd been figuring out. The cattle was to be painted with acid he kept in his store. Nitric, he said, and laid on with a brush. He claimed doing it with acid would not annoy a calf like red-hot irons do, and also the mark would set cleaner."

"Yu'd ought to seen how polite Chalkeye attended to his words," said the cook. "Regl'ar dude manners."

"I was telling him," Hilary continued, "how I was pleased with his idea, and just then he upsets the whiskey all over my pants. 'Oh pardon me, I'm sure,' says he, nice and hasty like a girl does. Well, I was feeling good natured, and figured the boys might like some di-version, it being Thanksgiving, and us unable to go to town. Said I to myself while he kept on being 'so sorry' about the whiskey, 'it's recreation the boys need or they'll get sick sure, and with the apothecary's assistance I'll provide it for 'em.'"

"Yu' did, James, yu' did purwide it," said the cook with fervor.

"Shall I ever forget?" the packer broke in. "Charley Lannan was giving us 'Alsatian Mountains,' and Link Trampas hittin' the glory-box for him. Gor'! we broke the glory-box that night. Bust the bellers. Mrs. Lannan was terrible mad. Well, two of us was waltzing over by the door. Sudden we hear Chalkeye yelling 'Climb up there!' fit to make yu' go deaf. 'Quick, climb!' he yells. All of us stopped everything."

"I was right close," said Bugbee, "and Jimmy he winked to me."

"We saw the apothecary talkin'," continued the packer, "handin' out his perfumery to Mr. Hilary."

"I guess," Hilary explained, "he got nervous seeing how I didn't respond to his apologies, but looked at him. He was for irrigating my pants with violet bokay where he'd recently put the whiskey. So I jerked my gun on him and said, 'Drop that smell-bottle you straw-faced skunk, and climb on that table.'"

"You pointed your six-shooter at him?" Weeks inquired.

"Yes, I was just playing mad, of course."

"Do you mean to say it was loaded?"

"To be sure it was loaded," said Chalkeye, giving Weeks another brief stare. "Well, Mr. Livingston," he continued, turning from Weeks, "yu' should have seen that apothecary." Chalkeye paused to laugh.

"Did he drop the bottle?" Livingston asked.

"Grabbed it tight, like he was drownding, and says 'This is a joke is it not?' 'No,' sais I, 'it ain't. Get up there. I'll give yu' till three. One'—well, he was right up, sir. He seemed very much struck with my behavior."

"Us fellers was all round the table then," said the cook. "We knowed he was fooling, and we looked solemn at the apothecary, but he looked at the gun."

"And I tole them..."

"Yu' told us," the cook interrupted.

"I said..." Chalkeye persisted.

"Gentlemen!" cried the packer, bolting with the narrative between his teeth, "Chalkeye says to us like this: 'Our little friend here on the table has been interestin' me deeply with some mighty pretty schemes he's got concerning the branding of calves. Specially yearling mavericks, which he suspects—and very correct—gives trouble when they get fighting in the corral and buttin' a man's furniture. But he's never seen the thing done, and I'm going to learn him right now. Here! you gummy, hand-raised'..."

"Yu' needent mention all what I called him," said Hilary, with a laugh.

"All right, Mr. Hilary. To be sure these gentlemen aint quite used to our language in this country." Livingston and Weeks hastened to protest that it was no easy thing to shock a

college graduate.

"Well, sir," the packer resumed, "Mr. Hilary says to the apothecary, 'Yu' don't know all the brands yet, yu' tell me, and yu' think painting is better than burning for stock. Strip!' 'What?' says the man from Omaha, his voice rickety with bein' scared. 'Strip off yer clothes!' says Chalkeye, putting his gun right close to the chap's face, 'and let yer naked pink body shine on this company like the rising sun.' Well, sir, he did, shakin' but expeditious. And we laffed to see his little mean legs."

"What?" said Livingston, "and Mrs. Lannan in the room?"

"No, sure! She was up Horse Creek at the Taylor outfit, spending Thanksgiving with Mrs. Taylor. Well, Chalkeye, he got talking just like Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Ever seen them? 'Oh come, the maiden cried, and rest thy weary head upon this breast,' says Chalkeye, and a lot more of the same. Chalkeye's got education. Learned it East before he quit and came to this country. Then, sir, we got to business with the apothecary. 'We'll help his memory as to the brands he gets mixed on,' says Chalkeye. Charley Lannan had a tin bucket of that rubber ce-ment, and a handy brush. And with them things—oh my! we just painted him up, sir. We just painted and painted. It was dip! flip-flup! dip! flip-flup! the brush a-lickin' his pink flesh like a tongue, leavin' a black trail of ce-ment smooth and neat and about a quarter inch wide. Yes sir. Chalkeye toiled like a regl'ar artist. It must have been nigh two hours—and I holdin' the bucket convenient for him. Dip! flip-flup! Quick, but neat. And we het up the ce-ment when needful to make it run fine. And we just painted a sample of most every registered cattle-brand in Wyoming over that apothecary's body up and down and acrossed, copyin' them right out of the Cheyenne paper. And then Chalkeye says to him, 'There, friend. When yu've got them on yer stomach by heart, yu' can borrow a lookin'-glass and get to work learnin' yer back.' The apothecary most cried."

"Standing up there on Charley Lannan's table," said Chalkeye, "he was the most miscellaneous looking person I ever saw."

"We kept him on that table while replacing his clothes," said the packer, "and durin' the time he was buttoning we had all hands round the table same as dancing. And we sang 'Should old acquaintance be forgot,' for the whiskey was good that night."

"I should like to be told, Mr. Hilary," said Livingston, "how a man is going to get rid of rubber cement. I'd like to know just in case such a thing as that might happen to me."

"Oh, I guess you needn't to be anxious, Mr. Livingston," said Chalkeye.

"As for gettin' ce-ment off yu'," remarked the packer, "Why Bill—that was the apothecary's name—tried to gather it in by means of a knife. But soon he claimed scrapin' that way chafed his flesh. Well, we didn't care about having it stay on him, being sorry for him next morning. So we showed him the Warm Springs up the creek a little ways from the river. The creek below here, yu' know, that heads up right close to south fork of Gros Ventre and Green River too, on the other side. Well sir, that hot water cleaned him in fine shape, barring such red patches as the knife scrapin' had raised along his hide."

"Now Mr. Hilary," continued Livingston, "you know very well that you think every man from Eastern cities who comes into this country is more or less like the Omaha apothecary. Own up to it, now!"

"No," said Chalkeye, "you're wrong." But this was said about a quarter of a tone flat.

"I'm right," laughed Livingston. "And you'd acknowledge it if you could only know how little I care for your opinion of city men from the East—since it can't be poorer than my own. Seriously," he continued, "won't you admit that when you first meet one of our kind, you wait to see if he'll not turn out a fool somehow pretty soon?"

"Well," said Chalkeye, hesitating, while the cook and the packer grinned at him, "I—"

"In other words," pursued Livingston, "in your judgment we are presumed guilty until we're proved innocent. Now in the East we work the other way. We presume all men innocent till they're proved guilty—even cowboys."

At this last word, the cook and packer ceased to grin, and Hilary's eyes fell slightly. "I suppose they would consider me a cow-puncher,—East," he said.

Livingston saw he had used a word unwelcome for some reason. "Why, do you look down on cow-punchers?" he cannily inquired; "I don't."

Hilary laughed a little and looked at his friends.

"He means," observed the packer, "that a reg'lar cow-puncher's liable to be working on an outfit, and few on 'em's got any land claims, and stock, and such like."

"Well, I cook for the round-up most every Spring," said Chalkeye dispassionately.

"Because yu' like to get down to the rail-road onced in a while, Jimmy," said the cook, "and blow in durin' the days they're loading stock into the cars."

"As for blowing in," remarked Chalkeye, evidently turning something over in his mind, "Rawlins aint the town Pushroot is, to my thinking."

"Where's Pushroot?" asked Weeks.

"Haven't yu' ever heard Caliph called that?" replied Hilary. "We call it that up the river, and some say it's a finer name than the foreign soundin' thing the Post office department selected. But Mr. Livingston," he continued, the tone of interest returning to his voice that it had lacked since he had been thinking over being rated a "cow-puncher," "do you ever see the stories those Eastern papers tell about us boys in this country?"

"Why, sometimes," said Livingston.

"But yu' don't believe them?" Hilary said, leaning forward. "Yu' surely don't credit such stuff, do yu' now?"

"To read some of them weeklies," said the packer, "a man would think the cow-boys, as they call us, was jail-birds from Cheyenne to the Pacific."

All three denizens of Wind River now settled their chairs and appealed to the New Yorkers with unexpected stress. The gentlemen had travelled the Country through. Had they encountered ill will from the hands of any man? Had they witnessed any doings that were such as should not be? Were they able to recognize life in this Western Country by the portraits of it found in newspapers printed in the States? A cow-boy did not pass his time stealing horses and killing men. He had his faults—true.

"And so has a newspaper man, I guess," remarked the cook. "Only nobody's been smart enough to discover 'em, it seems. And when for six months yu've had sow-belly for food, alkali water for drink, and have slep' in meltin' snow and rain till yer beddin's got too wet ever to get dry, why a visit to town is liable to dazzle a young man and turn him playful."

"That's so," said the packer.

"And them's the times the reporters sucks their dirty little pencils and us fellers get our pictures in the Police News," the cook added. "And thus fur one frolic of one boy, the public in the States is given to understand we're livin' at that speed A.M. and P.M. through the year."

"Well," said Livingston, diverted by the importance the cowboy was supposed to occupy in the attention of the public in the States, "I for one don't believe the newspapers."

"You're right," said the packer and Chalkeye together.

"But the papers must live, you know," the New Yorker explained. "And so they must strive to please a community that don't care to have the truth unless it's stranger than fiction."

"Of course," said the packer and Chalkeye again, but without entirely following the argument.

"But the Community," proceeded Livingston, "knows that as well as the newspapers do, and so it commonly waits and sees."

This abstract of the status of writer and reader in journalism could not long hold the attention of an audience unaccustomed to theory.

"I won't say there aint crooked men in this Country," said the packer returning to the sore subject, "but fewer than straight ones. When I say straight, I mean straight as yu've any right to figure on in a world it takes all kinds to make."

"Straight as the average honest business man," suggested Livingston.

"Yes. And the papers don't take no count of that."

"Which aint right," muttered the cook.

"Yu'll not find anywheres," Chalkeye put in, "where folks are bigger hearted than here. I speak of most folks."

"If a man's yer friend on the plains," said the cook, "he bides yer friend in town, and in the mountains likewise. And yu'll never want for anything he has got some of himself."

"As for habits, we're like anybody else," Chalkeye asserted. "May be kind o' free like in town onced in a while, but not vicious. No sir. Why, when any unmerited shooting takes place in this country, we don't think well of it. A man is apt to be shunned after doin' such a thing. And if it's very bad he's a sight likelier to get his medicine here than where yu' have attorneys and juries and female witnesses for the accused moppin' and slobberin' with their nose-rags. Why sir, men have to get out of this country on account of public opinion more'n they do in the States. There's a man down the river right now will have to look to himself or—"

"There yu' go James," said the cook nudging the packer. "Why can't yu' leave poor Link Trampas alone?"

"I'm naming nobody," said Chalkeye, severely. "But when a man's word and deed comes to be mistrusted, Wind River aint a good place for him. Have you ever been in Newark, New Jersey, Mr. Livingston?"

"Never," said Livingston.

"That's where I was raised. I thought yu' might have met my folks. My father's head of the horse-car stables, and vestry-man of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. I went to school in Newark till I skipped. Newark aint far from New York. My mother's folks are big farmers near Plainfield. Hutchins their name is."

"I don't know many people in New Jersey," said Livingston, apologetically. "I generally sail across it pretty quickly on the Pennsylvania Railroad."

"God! I remember them cars," said Chalkeye, staring at the roof. "Red, they used to be. Jersey Central was yellow." He paused.

"You'll find them so still," said Livingston. "When do you think of going back?"

"Me? Never, I guess."

"Not to see your family in Newark?"

"There's only my two sisters now. Married to chaps I don't value. I've been back once to see them. They didn't care and I didn't care. I couldn't stand life there any more with no freedom."

"How about getting married some day?" asked Livingston. "We've all got to come to that, I suppose?"

"Not here," retorted Chalkeye, tapping his chest. "No sir. I can earn enough trapping and odd jobs and with selling my stock to keep happy and free. I'm not figuring on havin' a case of woman spoil my arrangements."

"Well, but Mr. Hilary," said Weeks, critically, "how is that going to work?"

Hilary looked at Weeks and waited for more. This young gentleman had once leant towards religion and a career in the High Church. But after College, life in New York had rapidly parched these pious aims and left nothing particularly religious in him save a liking to instruct his fellow men, and a taste for music. So he continued.

"Your present life is about as good as can be, I admit, Mr. Hilary. While you can cook for the round-up, or be a horse-wrangler, or sleep in the snow, or go to town and spend your savings in a week and start it and pile up some more with no trouble—why I'd like nothing better myself. But what are you going to do when you get old?"

"In this country yu' don't live long enough to get old," said Chalkeye, simply.

"Where's the idea in sayin' a thing like that?" said Will the packer, looking at his friend angrily. "What drives yu' into striking such notions every onced in a while?"

"Why it's so," Chalkeye answered. "I'm not complainin'."

"It aint so neither. Look at old Martin."

"Who'd be him?" said Chalkeye scornfully. "He'll crawl into a Shoshone Teepee pretty soon, and get fed till his rheumatics cinch him with the big long cinch. Then he'll be shoved into a hole at the Government's expense for havin' been Post scout in early days."

"Ah pshaa, James Hilary," said the cook. "Yu' talk less heartful than a man should."

"Yes, sir," cried the packer, "less heartful than yu' should."

"Where's the use in shuttin' your foolish eyes?" retorted Chalkeye with energy. "Does any man have the last word ? Aint there the invisible thing lurkin' near or far? going to cinch yu' sure, goin' to have the drop on yu' just the same? Why that little elk calf—"

Weeks made a movement of deprecation.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Weeks," said Chalkeye instantly, "I wasn't thinkin' about yu'. I'd have done the same myself when I was green in this country. I was takin' the calf just to point out what I claim. It was young. It was mighty well fixed here along with me and Skunk and Uncle Sam. It comes out of the bushes jest as usual, and Bang! Goodbye Mr. Elk! Well sir, it's Bang! Goodbye Mr. Everybody some way or other. Yu' don't get the last word, and yu' can't, never. I don't care though. Never did. But I want whatever it is as is lyin' in wait to get the cinch on me to know that I know and don't care."

The cook yawned and looked at his watch. "Well, goodnight," he said. The others rose.

"You're going down to-morrow?" Chalkeye inquired. "Why not stay and travel down with me? I can show yu' a mine I've got up near the top of the Divide."

The New Yorkers explained, were grateful, mutual compliments about coming next year were exchanged.

Also Mr. Hilary gave them some sugar, of which they were just out. "And anything else I've got you're welcome to," he said. But there was nothing. He stood and watched them moving down to their camp under the stars. "Six days from now," he shouted to the packer.

"Right you are," said Will.

Chalkeye stood for a few moments listening to a far off rustle made by the wind through the pines up the hill. Now and again came the gentle sound of running water from Wind River. Mountains and plains were very silent, and the sky clotted with islands of the milky-whey, through which the bright points of stars seemed drilled. It felt as if a sound might be heard twenty miles off, so still was the earth in the dry and steadily colder air. Bye and bye Chalkeye shut his door.

"James was cranky to-night," muttered the packer to the cook under the blankets in the tent. Old Martin stirred a little, and a slight groan came from him in his sleep. Then the dying fire outside fell together and blazed suddenly for a few seconds.

"I'd like to own such a place," said Weeks sleepily to Livingston. Livingston made no answer but a grunt. And so stillness reigned over Wind River.

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Owen Wister: Creator of the cowboy myth

A critical essay

by Wallace Stegner

IN 1885 OWEN WISTER WAS WORKING IN THE UNION Safe Deposit Vaults in Boston, computing the interest of the thrifty. He was twenty-five years old, well born, something of a snob, a *summa cum laude* graduate of Harvard, a fine musician, a literary amateur. He had written Hasty Pudding shows in college, and in the year of his graduation had published a burlesque of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, but he was more musician than writer. Several of his songs and piano pieces had been published, he had studied composition for a year in Paris and been a devout attendant at Wagner operas in Bayreuth, he had played the piano for, and been praised by, Franz Liszt, a friend of his grandmother Fanny Kemble.

Nevertheless, when his father wrote him to come home and get to work at something useful, he obeyed. Now he was dying of boredom among the savings accounts, staying alive by taking part in Tavern Club shows and writing a novel in collaboration with his cousin Langdon Mitchell—a novel that William Dean Howells advised him not to show to anyone.

Eventually his health broke down, and his uncle-physician Dr. S. Weir Mitchell sent him to the Wyoming ranch of a friend to recover. He could not have affected Wister's life more if he had blown up the Union Vaults with Wister in them.

As his friend and classmate Theodore Roosevelt had done some years earlier, this somewhat effete young man fell helplessly in love with a world the exact opposite of what he had been brought up to admire and participate in. Western space, emptiness, freedom, and lonely beauty literally blew his mind. He was fascinated by the self-reliant human type that seemed to be evolving beyond the fringe of civilization. From the beginning, he was a romanticizer and idealizer, groping toward some large historical generalization that would explain and contain what he saw in Wyoming, and define the true emerging American, derived from Europe but altered and perfected. Wister's snobbery led him to see this emerging type in purely Anglo Saxon terms: he had no more use for the "Ellis Island mongrel mobs" than his rancher friends had for nesters. But that snobbish prejudice, too common in his time, interfered not at all with his idealizing impulse. In fact, it accentuated it. The cowboy type toward which he was groping was correspondingly purified and simplified as it excluded the riffraff.

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Seen here in his later years, Owen Wister first visited Wyoming during his twenties and fell in love with the West. The result of this romance was his creation of the literary Western hero, the chivalric white hat that has ridden through every Western tale since.

Chivalry was very much on Wister's mind as he observed and speculated about the cowboy. In an illustration for Wister's later essay, "The Evolution of the Cow-puncher," Frederic Remington pictured him impeccably: a lean rider in chaps and spurs and wide hat, mounted on a cat-hammed, ewe-necked, narrow-shouldered cow pony, against a misty background thronged with knights and paladins in armor. "The Last Cavalier," that picture was called, and that was exactly what Wister thought the cowboy was: a knight errant, orphaned and womanless, free, self-reliant, the latest version of the Anglo Saxon who had always been "a better warrior than citizen."

The climax of long rumination about the cowboy was of course *The Virginian*, which did not see print until 1902. As everyone knows by now, the Virginian was not only the last of something, but the first. The incarnation of a Golden Age dream as old as Hesiod, he was also the ancestor of ten thousand later cowboy figures, and the basis for an industry that has moved from dime novels to pulps to movies to television and will unquestionably capture any future media we develop. But that lonely, heroic, idealized figure, whether seen against a background of chivalry or a background of sagebrush, did not evolve in one summer, or even a half dozen. He took years, and in his making Wister had the distinguished help of Remington.

Wister saw him first with envy and admiration, a dude's-eye view. But though he was a dude, this easterner was no

tourist. He was a participant and emulator. He rode fifty miles a day, he killed bears and elk and antelope and bighorn. He was also, despite his tendency to romanticize, a close, accurate observer.

Reading the western journals that his daughter published many years after his death, we find him constantly hunting *le mot juste* and the precise, striking image, and often finding them. The wide plains with their empty horizons he thought were like a face without eyebrows. Caught in a hailstorm with his slicker over his head, he could still note "the shrinking horses with their tails tucked in and their heads stuck down and all four feet converging into a point under their middles." Remington, who boasted that he "knew the horse," and whose usual function was to supplement Wister's romanticism with an ironic realism, could not have done better. The two met in Yellowstone in 1893 to begin a collaboration for *Harper's Monthly*. Between them, in the next decade, they created the literary cowboy and the cowboy myth.

That myth has little or nothing to do with raising cattle. Critics have pointed out that there is not a single scene in *The Virginian* that shows cowboys working, and the same can be said for Wister's early stories leading up to *The Virginian*, and for almost all the imitations since. The theme is not work, but a picturesque way of life complete with costume, equipment, vocabulary, stock characters, ritualized conflicts between civilization and freedom and between good and evil. It has a code. It has a lot of *manner*. Space surrounds it, and wildness, and independence, and air that as Wister said, nobody else has ever breathed. Nothing could be farther from the tameness of Walnut Street in Philadelphia or the Union Safe Deposit Vaults in Boston. If admiration for that untrammeled life seems strange in an over-civilized eastern snob, it shouldn't. Precisely because it seemed to him less trammeled than it really was, he came to it nearly every summer for fifteen years like a thirsty horse to a waterhole.

What he found in his idealized cowboy, after civilization had been peeled away, was a code of manly honor as strict as a knight errant's, and a code of chivalry toward women—*nice* women—as formal as the code of courtly love. Without being civilized, the Virginian knows how to *behave*. Some flavor of natural goodness and the noble savage clings to him. Despite his practical jokes, his lynchings, and his gunfighting, he is a natural gentleman. Realistic natural depravity and viciousness such as Wister himself had seen in the West when his host Tisdale gouged out the eye of an offending horse, is not allowed into the idealized cowboy's character. Never mind that from Wister's day to this, there have been plenty of Wyoming cowboys who characteristically break horses with a two-by-four. That cruelty is carefully separated out by the centrifuge of Wister's myth-making imagination and passed on, intact, to the black-hat villains.

This all seems as obvious as possible now. It was unimagined when Wister first went west in 1885. The popular image of the cowboy then was of a barbarous and peace-disturbing yahoo. He was not a literary character. And despite the shock of delight with which Wister plunged into Wyoming, neither that ranch summer of 1885 nor the hunting trips of 1887, 1888, and 1889 produced any writing beyond some letters and the journals, both private. In those years Wister was slaving through Harvard Law School and establishing himself as a member of the Philadelphia bar. Wyoming was summer diversion, a breath of keen air, no more.

But it was always in process of becoming something else. In *Roosevelt, the Story of a Friendship*, published in 1930 when he was seventy years old and remembering back a long time, Wister thought he remembered the exact moment of his awakening. He said that in the fall of 1891, fresh from Wyoming, he was dining with a friend in a Philadelphia club and wondering aloud why the West had not been exploited by writers. Roosevelt had realized the West, and so had Remington, "but what was fiction doing, fiction, the only thing that has always outlived fact.... to deal with that epic which is being lived at a gallop out in the sagebrush?... 'Walter, I'm going to try it myself!' I exclaimed to Walter Furness. 'I'm going to start this minute.'"

ACTUALLY, HE HAD ALREADY STARTED. BEFORE HE took his fifth excursion into the West in the summer of 1891, he had begun a story, the same story whose first two chapters are published for the first time in this issue of this magazine. On the title page of the manuscript, now at the University of Wyoming, he wrote at some point, "This was a first essay—begun early in 1891 and never finished." That note, rather than his recollection in *Roosevelt, the Story of a Friendship*, has to be correct, for the summer journal of 1891 contains four references to the Chalkeye story.

On June 9, before he has even reached the Wyoming line, he sees and smells the Western air and is transfigured. "After two years, this glorious, this supernatural atmosphere meets me again better, clearer, more magical, even than I remembered it. As for every word I could get together that would give the faintest notion of its beauty and its effect on the observer, that can't be done by me and hardly at all, I think. I'm going to try in 'Chalkeye,' however."

On June 13 he notes, without comment, that the real-life

Chalkeye has had a $5,000 windfall, gone east, and got married.

On June 20, just after having seen Tisdale gouge out his horse's eye, he is troubled by shame at having done nothing to prevent or rebuke that horror, and also by a sense of awe at what is happening in the development of American society and the American character. "Did I believe in the efficacy of prayer, I should petition to be the hand that once for all chronicled and laid bare the virtues and the vices of this extraordinary phase of American social progress. Nobody has done it. Nobody has touched anywhere near it.... The fact is, it is quite worthy of Tolstoi, or George Eliot, or Dickens. Thackeray wouldn't do. Well, I shall finish 'Chalkeye' and then will see."

And by August 29, on Meadow Creek in Yellowstone, he is confiding to his journal the titles of some stories he wants to write as soon as he has finished "Chalkeye."

He never did go back to it and finish it. Perhaps, having learned that the real Chalkeye had sold out his wild freedom for a windfall and a wife, Wister lost faith in him. Certainly we should note that in the second of two Western stories he published the next year, "How Lin McLean Went East," he explicitly repudiated the Chalkeye choice. Lin McLean goes east, but finds that he cannot live there. Wister doesn't *want* him to be able to live there. He wanted him back in the sagebrush and the freedom and the space. It is possible, too, that he realized he had made a wrong beginning in making Chalkeye a small landholder, a sort of nester. That was like having a knight errant obliged to tend a garden or a store.

Lin McLean, who appears in a series of Wister's stories, is usually taken as Wister's first try at the character who became the Virginian. Under this or other names, he developed through the stories of *Red Men and White*, *Lin McLean*, and *The Jimmyjohn Boss* during the late 1880s and 1890s. But Chalkeye, unfinished as he is, is an earlier version, the very earliest. That gives this up-to-now-unpublished manuscript an extra interest.

Trying to find in the journals something about its basis in fact, we find little. The manuscript was already begun before the 1891 trip, and Wister did not go west in 1890, so that only the hunting journals of 1887, 1888, and 1889 are relevant.

As a Harvard freshman, Owen Wister struck this dashing pose in his costume for a college theatrical. This was before his introduction to the West, and his tastes ran to swords, powdered wigs, and buckle shoes instead of guns, cowboy hats, and Western boots.

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At the age of thirty, Owen Wister was committed to his law practice in Philadelphia. But behind that dignified mien were thoughts more adventurous than legal arguments. During this time he decided to write about that epic "being lived at a gallop out in the sagebrush."

There is not much there. Old Martin, the half-breed guide, may owe a little, not much, to the Indian Paul LeRose, who guided Wister's 1888 party. Mr. Ludlow Weeks, who kills too many animals and has much to learn about when to shoot, and at what, may be partly Wister himself, who "felt like a murderer" as he pumped bullets into a dying bear in 1887, but is probably closer to his friend George Norman, who in one day in 1888 shot three elk, one of which had to be left to rot. Both Norman and Wister felt a queasy guilt on occasion; their guilt is presented in the Chalkeye story as part of their dudish inexperience, the exact opposite of Chalkeye's calm competence. There is nothing especially wrong with either Weeks or his companion Livingston except that they are easterners, amateurs, dudes, out of their element as surely as Chalkeye is in his. However well meaning, they sing small, appear in a bad light, and listen respectfully when Chalkeye speaks.

Chalkeye, like the Virginian later, had some elements of eastern education but has chosen to forget them. He is thoroughly naturalized, owes no duty to anyone, is independent and self-sufficient. He lives at ease with the wild, kills when he needs to but makes pets of orphaned or injured elk and eagles. His hair falls in regular waves rather than in uncombed tangles, he wears clean and becoming clothes. Though he loves gambling and drink, he has the character to go on the wagon, on a bet, for six months. He wears no man's collar, not even John Barleycorn's. Weeks's offer to buy his place draws only scorn: he would not sell it to Vanderbilt, at any price. When trigger-happy Weeks shoots his pet elk calf, he keeps his temper. He understands that dudes often bristle with deadly weapons, that they try too hard, that they break everything they touch. His experience with the Omaha apothecary, so anticipatory of the Virginian's practical jokes, is symptomatic of the cultural chasm that separates the Western elect from the eastern pretenders in this land that will become the Cockaigne of the mythic Western.

Chalkeye does not like reporters or writers who try to make him picturesque. When Weeks says that it is nice to be free, and sleep in the snow, and blow a year's wages on a spree in town, "but what are you going to do when you get old?", Chalkeye gives him an answer worthy of the Virginian: "In this country yu' don't live long enough to get old."

"Chalkeye" is no literary masterpiece. It is an interesting first attempt by a writer who gradually learned how, and who eventually created an undying myth of the West and Western character, and when he had done it, abandoned the West and spent the rest of his life writing trivia that no one now reads. The dialect of this early effort is labored literary/phonetic. The principal character is unsatisfactory because he is a confusion of the romantically free chivalric figure and the nester, the squatter, a breed that Wister's ranch friends despised. And in his real-life version he betrayed the ideal by going east and getting married.

But this imperfect character has the vague outline of something larger, more romantic, more representative, casting a long shadow. He looks toward Wister's later literary efforts and the timeless time of myth. He has traces of the grace, skill, and picturesqueness of a myth in the making. Within ten years a clarified and perfected version of him will be riding onto the page as the Virginian. And his mortal enemy—as here, in barely suggested outline—will be a figure named Trampas, which in Spanish means traps, tricks, deceits, snares. Trampas, named here, will become the vessel of evil, the wearer of the black hat, as Chalkeye/Lin McLean/the Virginian will become the vessel of the chivalric Good. Both will be immortal.

Winner of a Pulitzer Prize, **Wallace Stegner** *is the author of many books, many of them about the West. Mr. Stegner is a former editor of* AMERICAN WEST.

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Western Books in Brief

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The Drawing of America: Eyewitness to History *by Marshall B. Davidson (Harry B. Abrams, New York, 1983; 256 pp., illus., biblio., index, $49.50).*
Works on paper in various media— over 300 of them—fill this winsome, oversized volume of American history. Beginning with allegorical images of the newly discovered continent and moving through the opening of the frontier to visions of our future, Davidson explains the artists' shorthand, telling of the times and inspirations for these drawings. The works of both sophisticated artists of reputation and unknown, unschooled amateurs make the entire story a delight.

The Peacocks of Baboquivari *by Erma J. Fisk (W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1983; 284 pp., illus., append., $14.95).*
This exotic title befits the colorful, delightful account of Erma Fisk's five-month hermitage in the Baboquivari foothills of Arizona. At seventy-three, with an "arthritic shoulder and gimpy hip," this spunky bird-tagger bore the hazards of wearing bifocals on rocky ground and navigated peacock droppings, while recording with lambent wit the wonder of her natural surroundings. While cattle tore mist nets intended to catch birds, Fisk banded, weighed, measured, and examined these aviators for molting, plumage, and parasites. A table of the various birds handled is included, but the fascination of her journals and letters rests in the lighthearted musings about the world around her.

Seashore Life of the Northern Pacific Coast: An Illustrated Guide to Northern California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia *by Eugene N. Kozloff (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1983; 378 pp., illus., gloss., biblio., index, paper $19.95, cloth $40.00).*
An impressively thorough and well-organized examination of marine life on western shores from Vancouver to Monterey Bay, this work begins with a thoughtful chapter entitled "Instant Zoology and Botany." The author identifies the most common varieties of cnidarians, echinodermata and other phylum you've never heard of, as well as the more familiar mollusks, crustaceans, and sponges. With nearly 300 color photographs and 400 black-and-white illustrations, you can identify hundreds of intriguing sea animals and plants, including some astoundingly beautiful simple life forms.

Inside This House of Sky *photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig (Atheneum Publishers, New York, 1983; 112 pp., illus., $27.50).*
Ivan Doig's *This House of Sky* (1978) inspired Kelso's striking photographic tribute to that work and the magnificent land of Montana. Sensitively composed scenes of town and country evoke that awe we feel when standing before the splendor of nature. Passages from Doig's text are coupled with the photographs.

Standing by Words: Essays by Wendell Berry *(North Point Press, San Francisco, 1983; 224 pp., paper $10.00, cloth $20.00).*
In six essays, Wendell Berry contemplates the moral and artistic aspects of language in poetry and in daily life. He believes that language today is becoming increasingly meaningless, increasingly irresponsible—and he perceives this as just one aspect of the disintegration of family and community.

Alaska Bear Tales *by Larry Kaniut (Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1983; 318 pp., biblio., index, paper $9.95).*
More than two hundred stories vividly depict the sometimes humorous, but more often grim encounters between human beings and bears in our north country. As told to the author, these stories describe the annoyance, fear, and horror of people confronted by bold pests and enraged beasts. The serious accounts should be warning not to take these unpredictable creatures lightly.

Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature, *by Wallace Stegner and Richard Etulain, fore. by Norman Cousins (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1983; 207 pp., illus., index, $15.00).*
In this exchange writer Wallace Stegner reflects on Western history and literature, the Mormons, his own life, the wilderness West, and what is left of the West. The pleasure of these conversations, whether or not you have read Stegner's works, lies in the perspicacious insight and humanity that pervade Stegner's remarks.

This Here's a Good'un *by Bill Brett (Texas A & M Press, College Station, Texas, 1983; 120 pp., illus., $9.95).*
Tales of Twainish boyhood escapades and down-home conversations are recounted from a "looking back" point of view. Brett calls upon the local expression of southeastern Texas and the wisdom derived from life's daily scrapes to tell his stories with country humor.

Texas: A Self-Portrait *by Jon Holmes (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York, 1983; 240 pp., illus., biblio., index, $45.00).*
Effective organization and a zesty design make this "self-portrait" stand out among the proliferation of books on Texas. In a lively style, Holmes relates the most interesting and relevant bits of information on the state's history since the dinosaurs roamed the plains. The variety and quality of the nearly 500 illustrations are wonderful. A concise historical chronology comes highly spiced with photos of Texas performers, prizefighters, and politicians, while the "living Texan" section highlights the culture of the Lone Star State from fast food to fine art and Texas camp.

The Sierra Club Handbook of Whales and Dolphins *by Stephen Leatherwood and Randall R. Reeves (Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1983; 320 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $12.95, cloth $25.00).*
This fine quality handbook offers seventy, exactingly lifelike, color illustrations and 130 black-and-white photographs of these intriguing marine animals. The guide includes information on the natural history, behavior, and markings for every known species of whale, dolphin, and porpoise, as well as commentary by the authors on personal experiences with their "fluked friends."

San Francisco Ballet: The First Fifty Years *by Cobbett Steinberg (San Francisco Ballet Association, San Francisco, 1983; 224 pp., illus., $35.00).*
For balletomanes and those who simply admire the grace of dance, here is a stunning gallery of dancers, costumes, and choreography. To acquaint us with the fascinating history and current activities of the country's oldest classical ballet company, this oversized volume includes commentary by dancers and critics and notes from the company's historical journals. A well-written, comprehensive text presents great ballet personalities—dancers, teachers, choreographers—as well as some of the San Francisco Ballet's most successful productions.

A Beast the Color of Winter: The Mountain Goat Observed *by Douglas H. Chadwick (Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1983; 224 pp., illus., append., biblio., index, $15.95).*
In an easy and familiar style, the author relates his experience and knowledge gained over seven years of field study, when he "spent more time in mountain goat society than in human society." He tells of the fascinating behavior of these staunch and steady climbers—their courting and feeding habits, their climbing secrets, and their exchanges with other creatures of the high country.

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Lightening the wagon load

Pioneer forebears inspire enduring strengths

by Cheryl Romo

ALONGSIDE INTERSTATE 80 LEADING TO SAN FRANCISCO is an abandoned old farmhouse with a tumble-down garage. An outside stairway that once led to second-floor bedrooms has been torn away. White paint peels from the weather-worn frame. Rain falls through the windows, and the garden is a catastrophe of weeds. The skeleton of a child's swing-set rusts in the yard. A sign posted near the freeway reads: "For Lease—16 Acres."

As I passed this relic of a depression-era past, with its rickety picket fence and faded-green shutters, I couldn't help but think that this was once a home that temporarily represented all the joys and everyday hardships that families experience.

I have no idea what happened to the people who once lived in that old house, nor do I know why it was allowed to fall into such a state of neglect. It is now simply a building, no longer the domicile of a family. House... home. Until a few months ago, I wasn't too aware of the difference.

The house that held my family wasn't very old, nor was it in disrepair. The garden was filled with flowers, there was an apple tree, and the lawn was littered with a toddler's plastic toys.

The walls inside were decorated with family pictures passed through generations of family sentimentalists. The oldest portraits were of fresh-faced immigrants who left their northern European homes to come to this country to find a better life.

Our teenage daughter's room was plastered with posters of James Dean and Johnny Rotten; its real treasure was a sloshing waterbed. The garage held a lifetime of memories in boxes and trunks, as well as rock amplifiers and speakers stored awaiting our oldest son's return from the Marine Corps. The office, with its desk and typewriter and orderly filing cabinets, was my sanctuary—my place of sanity amidst the demands of toddlers and adolescents.

Like most families, we worked in the yard on weekends and dreamed of a hot tub on the patio and of transforming the basement into a game room "next year." Then things changed.

One of our children became ill and had to spend a month in the hospital. Afterward there were many expenses, most of them medical.

Then our cars, which we had previously regarded as dependable, developed problems that required a series of costly repairs. After that there were unexpected dental bills, and then the heater and the stove died simultaneously.

When my husband's salary could no longer sustain us and payments for my writing dwindled along with the rest of the economy, I began looking for outside employment—and could find none. Not even at minimum wage.

Several months later, when hamburger became a luxury, we took a second mortgage on our home until, we thought at the time, we could get back on our feet. We never did. For a while we managed to scrape together enough money each month to pay the first and second mortgages—until the morning came when we put up the white flag. The "For Sale" sign was placed on the lawn between the mailbox and the flower bed.

We borrowed from Master Charge and Visa to continue the mortgage payments, thinking all would be resolved when the house sold. But the house didn't sell, not even after we reduced the asking price again and again.

On the day the bank began foreclosure proceedings, I planted bulbs for flowers that we would never see. Soon we started receiving phone calls and letters from real estate speculators offering to take the house (and our sizeable equity) off our hands to avoid credit-damaging foreclosure.

Two weeks prior to foreclosure, the house sold at a price that left us only enough money to pay some of the debts we had incurred trying to save it. We spent our last Christmas there, perhaps our happiest, saying goodbye to the rooms.

We found a small house to rent in a neighboring community and began packing. There were mornings when I likened myself to the pioneer women who had to decide which precious piece of furniture had to be thrown out so that the covered wagon would be light enough to cross the river.

The biggest problem was in finding room for all the accumulated furnishings and memorabilia. Eventually we gave

COURTESY FENN GALLERIES, SANTA FE

Pioneer Woman, oil by Harvey Dunn, 12″ x 16″

In meeting hardships on the Western frontier, the pioneer woman developed great physical and emotional strength. Her commitment to fundamental values may serve as a model for meeting problems in today's society.

---

enough things away and had enough garage sales to be able to fit one car in the garage and the rest of our belongings in the tiny house. Each member of the family had to learn to be creative and to give up unnecessary possessions.

There were problems that, at first, seemed insurmountable: Our daughter's bed wouldn't fit into her new room and had to be replaced by the family-room couch. My "office" became a corner of the living room and our two-year-old's toys soon formed an obstacle course from the bedroom to the bathroom. Gone was the guest room for Grandma and gone was the microwave oven.

But as each room was cleared of boxes, a curious thing began to happen. My husband and I experienced a sense of giddiness, a sense of being relieved of a load that we hadn't realized was so heavy. We were no longer harried by debts we couldn't pay; and we were no longer controlled by the fear of losing. I began to plant bulbs again, this time for flowers we could watch grow. Things were going to be all right after all, perhaps they would even be better.

As the weeks passed, the faces of our immigrant and pioneer forebears gazed down from their new places with new meaning, giving us the strength to be unafraid and the strength to know that nothing is permanent, least of all material possessions. The pioneers of today cannot go west to conquer new lands. We must begin rebuilding that which exists, making homes in apartments and houses that other people own.

I don't know how long we will live in this small place we have begun calling "home." It really doesn't matter anymore. Like the sign outside the dilapidated old house alongside Interstate 80, life is only "For Lease."

Cheryl Romo *is a free-lance writer who lives in Rancho Cordova, California.*

bring him to justice. Jeffords wrote a spirited rebuttal which Wasson refused to print. It finally appeared in the Prescott *Miner*. For anyone interested in Jeffords it is must reading. He called the charges "untrue from beginning to end" and quoted a letter from Captain C. B. McClellan, in command at Fort Bowie, supporting him. Nevertheless he was removed from office; his charges (or some of them) were taken to San Carlos; his work was undone.

Naturally he had, and has, his critics. It is dangerous, however, to downgrade him without examining all the evidence.

C. L. Sonnichsen
Tucson, Arizona

Don't forget us

I have read and enjoyed your AMERICAN WEST magazine for at least two years, and I am always sad when I come to the end of each issue. The magazine should be twice as long or should be published *every* month. I love it.

The current issue, however (September/October 1983) made me wonder if readers from North Carolina and other eastern states are in the minority. Your Photo Contest, described on page 4, was clearly designed for folks living west of the Mississippi. What a shame! There is nothing I would like better than a chance to win a vacation on a ranch in Wyoming. I have visited the West on several occasions—the last time for 10 days in Arizona—and I never stop making plans for my next trip west.

I noticed in your editorial in the same issue you asked, "Who are you?" Your follow-up to this question did not mention the geographic location of your readership. However, you did say, in the next-to-last paragraph, that your readers are a "society of *western* readers." I do not know where the people in the cartoon live, but I, for one, am an easterner, in love with the West, and happy to have your wonderful publication to read.

Why not an AMERICAN WEST for a society of readers from all over the U.S.—including us "easterners." We can all enjoy!

Ann H. Goodman
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

I would like to know why there is never anything written in your magazine about Black Cowboys, also Indians and Mexicans?

I do know there were some of each race prior to the coming of the now popular White Cowboys.

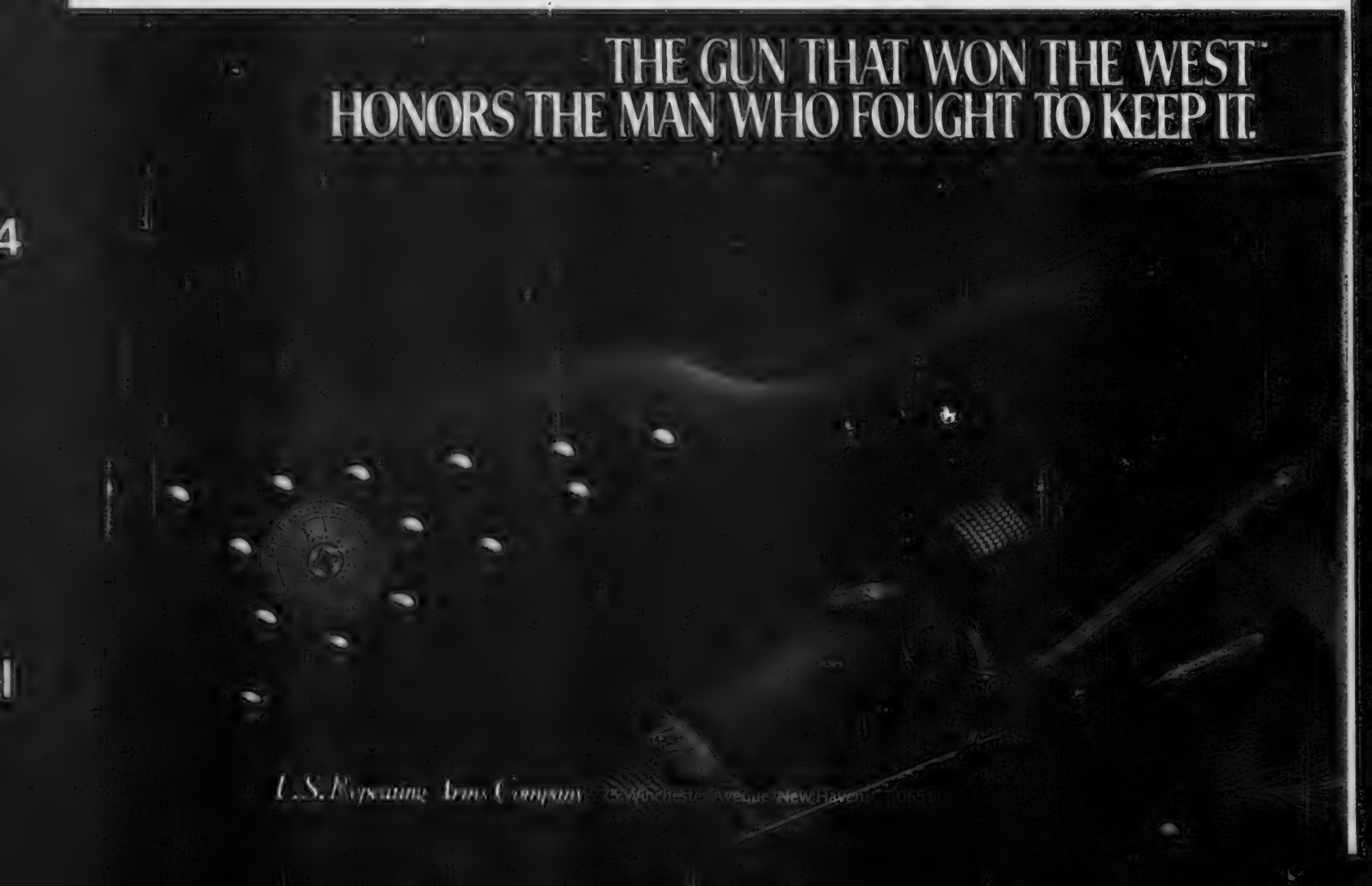
It is worth looking into and writing about.

Mrs. Esther E. Catling
Altoona, Alabama

Jewish Conquistadors—con and pro

In the more than twenty years that I have been associated with and subscribed to the AMERICAN WEST, this is the first letter of pure outrage that I have written. It is occasioned by the article "Jewish Conquistadors" by one Stan Steiner, who also appears on your masthead.

Imprimis. The legend at top of front cover "Jewish Conquistadors: Our First



Cowboys?'' is worthy of the *National Enquirer* or any one of the other tabloid papers that appear near the check-out stands of many supermarkets. Furthermore, it is a contradiction in and of itself, and this contradiction runs throughout Steiner's article: if they were indeed *conquistadores*, they were not working cowboys but *rancheros*, *hacendados*, the owners who gave the orders to the working *peones*.

If Hernando Alsonso landed with Cortes in 1519 and was burned at the stake in 1528, he had less than seven years, from completion of the conquest, to establish one of the ''first'' cattle ranches in Mexico and to breed ''what may have been the first foals born in the Americas.'' This latter statement must exclude from ''the Americas'' Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, whence came most of the horses used by both Cortes and Pizarro, as well as others of the *conquistadores*.

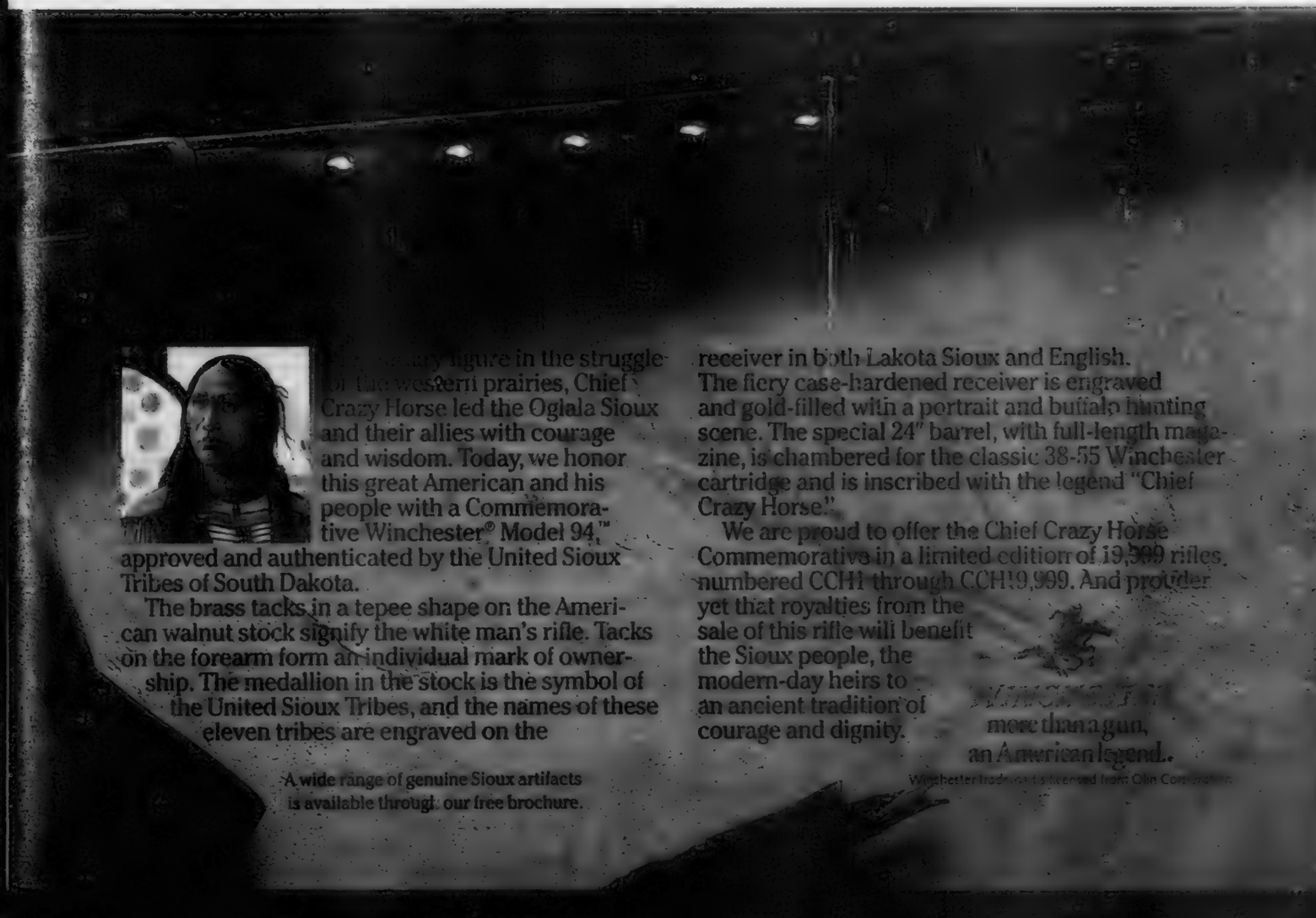
To say that the ''exiled Jews'' were the first cattlemen of Mexico needs more for me to believe it than Steiner's bald and unsupported statement.

With regard to Steiner's statement that Carvajal was granted the land grant of Nuevo Leon in 1579, let me cite from H. B. Parkes, *History of Mexico*, pages 79–80: ''The conquest of the Northeast from Zacatecas was undertaken by Luis de Carvajal in 1584. He was appointed governor of Nuevo Leon where he founded the town of Monterrey. He was Jewish and was burned. . . .'' This same historian states that Monclova was the capital of Nueva Extramadura. And he also notes, page 79, that by the end of the sixteenth century there were cattle ranches in Durango AND Chihuahua, as they are now constituted, being then in Nueva Vizcaya, with thirty to forty thousand head of cattle.

Steiner says, ''Some of these reluctant Jewish conquistadors may have been swordsmen and horsemen in Europe.'' Dear God and Sweetly Jesus, what does he think they [were] doing in Spain fighting the Moors? Does he imply that these Jewish conquistadors learned horsemanship and swordsmanship from Cortes after they landed on the Mexican coast?

He says, ''These Jews were the first to bring the *gineta* riding style, the high-horned Persian, now western saddle, the tossed lasso, and the Andalusian ancestors of the quarter horse into the deserts of the Southwest.'' Cortes's men rode *a la gineta*, the Jews among them did the same; many of Cortes's men also could ride *estradiota*, sometimes called *a la brida*, which is basically the way the *vaqueros* and riders north of the Bravo ride today. The Persian saddle was high-bowed but I have too many solid sources to accept the fact that the saddle-horn as we know it today came from Persia, or was in general use in the Americas before the very late 18th or early 19th centuries. The ''tossed lasso'' did NOT come from the Iberian Peninsula with the Jews or anyone else. All Steiner has to do, by God, is consult any good reference work to find out that what came from Spain and Portugal was a noose on the end of a pole, the noose being dropped on the animal's horns and the other end made fast to the horse's tail. Later, the rope was made fast to a

(Continued on page 60)


Chief Crazy Horse
Commemorative Winchester® Model 94™
more than a gun, an American legend.
Winchester trademark is licensed from Olin Corporation

A legendary figure in the struggle for the western prairies, Chief Crazy Horse led the Oglala Sioux and their allies with courage and wisdom. Today, we honor this great American and his people with a Commemorative Winchester® Model 94,™ approved and authenticated by the United Sioux Tribes of South Dakota.

The brass tacks in a tepee shape on the American walnut stock signify the white man's rifle. Tacks on the forearm form an individual mark of ownership. The medallion in the stock is the symbol of the United Sioux Tribes, and the names of these eleven tribes are engraved on the receiver in both Lakota Sioux and English. The fiery case-hardened receiver is engraved and gold-filled with a portrait and buffalo hunting scene. The special 24" barrel, with full-length magazine, is chambered for the classic 38-55 Winchester cartridge and is inscribed with the legend "Chief Crazy Horse."

We are proud to offer the Chief Crazy Horse Commemorative in a limited edition of 19,999 rifles, numbered CCH1 through CCH19,999. And prouder yet that royalties from the sale of this rifle will benefit the Sioux people, the modern-day heirs to an ancient tradition of courage and dignity.

more than a gun, an American legend.

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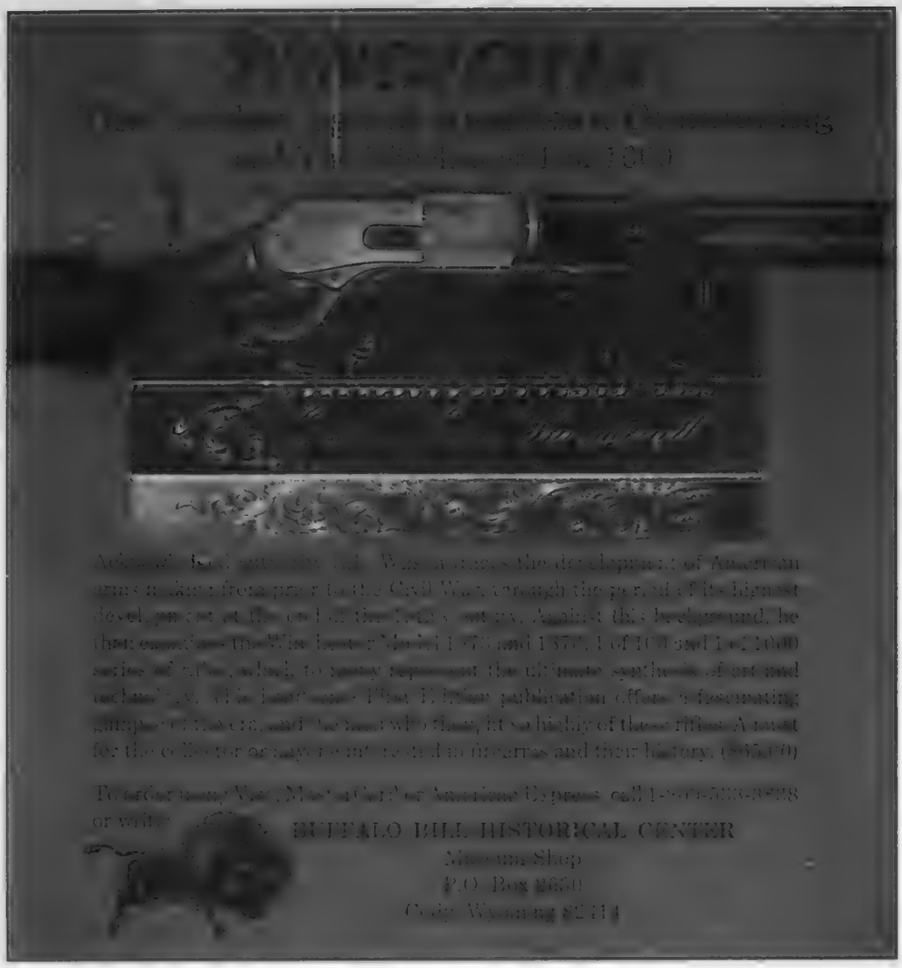
A wide range of genuine Sioux artifacts is available through our free brochure.



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(signed) Douglas P. Newton
General Manager

DON'T MOVE!
Don't move until you've told us your new address. Please give us eight weeks to change your address. Just attach your label below, and fill in your new address.

NEW ADDRESS
Name _____ (Please print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ATTACH LABEL HERE

Mail to:
American West
Subscription
Service
Box 1960
Marion, OH 43305

LETTERS *(Continued from page 59)*

D-ring in the cinch rigging or fastened elsewhere to the saddle. Let him see Miguel Bracho, "Schools of Riding in the New World—a Jineta" in *Western Horseman*, September 1950. When it comes to the "Andalusian ancestors of the quarterhorse . . . " Steiner should have read or contacted Robert Moorman Denhardt. Furthermore, how the hell can he say that these Jewish *conquistadores* were the FIRST to bring horses of Andalusian origin or ancestry, a better word, to the mainland of Mexico? How can he prove this? Where the Hell is his documentation?

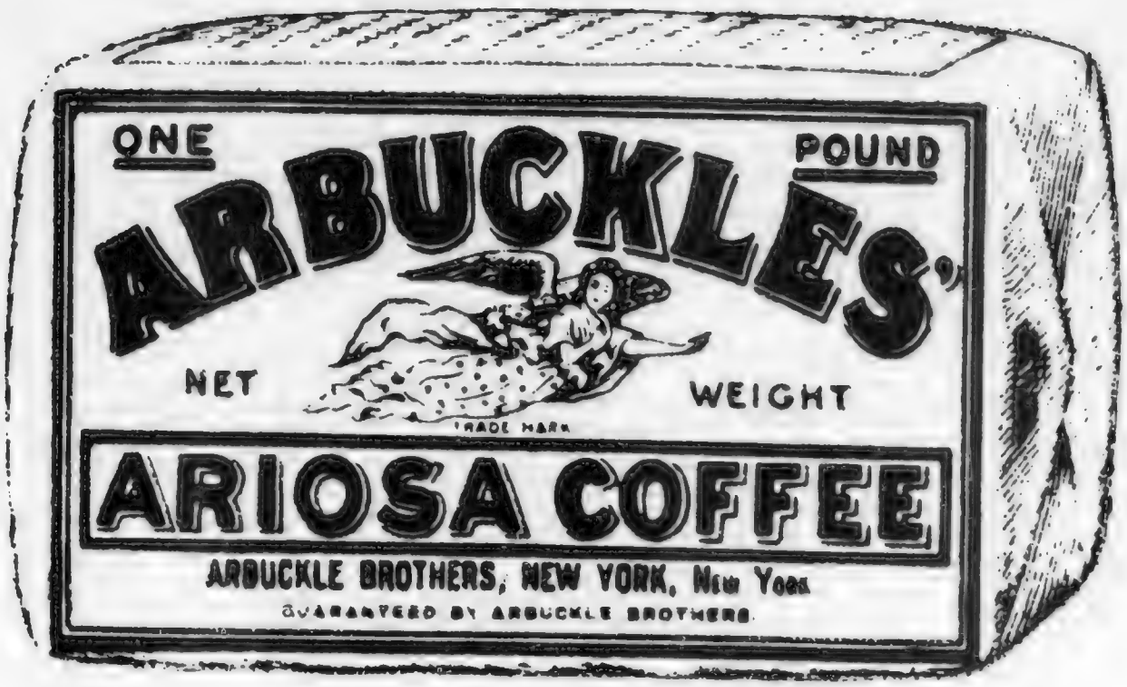
Last but not least, just what relation do the murals by Diego Rivera have to Steiner's article? They are good graphic art, no question about it, but do they in any way augment, complement or otherwise have reference to Steiner's extravagant claim for a small handful of Sephardic Jews in becoming the forerunners, the pioneers of the modern ranching or even the olden days ranching and its riders AND HORSES AND HORSE HARDWARE?

When he closes his subjective and special pleading tract with the suggestion that the taciturnity of the American cowboy and rancher, and not all of them were that way at all at all but could open their mouths and air their paunches with the best auctioneer, but to return to taciturnity, that it *may*, note the word, have originated with this minuscule number of persecuted Jewish conquerors is, I think, reaching out for a straw in a very high wind.

I note that his article was excerpted from his 1981 book *Dark and Dashing Horsemen*. Fortunately, I had ended my thirty years of reviewing Americana and California, western Americana in particular, for the San Francisco *Chronicle* before that book was sent to me for disposition.

You may be aware that there is a strong undercurrent in the membership of the Western History Assn. to disavow said association's connection with your magazine. Articles such as this one of Steiner's give ammunition to the movement and with reason. As one of those who fought the pedantic academics in 1963–65 to make *American West* more

Continued on page 69



ARBUCKLES' the coffee that won the West

If the horseshoe sinks, the coffee ain't ready

by Francis L. Fugate

***Arbuckles'*. The brand of coffee so common on the range that most cowmen never knew there was any other kind. — Ramon F. Adams, *Western Words: A Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp and Trail*.**

Ariosa was Arbuckles' most popular blend, made up of Rio and Santos coffees. The original label designs, pasted on heavy manila paper, always included a lovely, star-spangled angel and were printed in red and black against a yellow background.

AROUND CHUCK WAGONS, RANCH KITCHENS, AND family dining tables, early Westerners renewed their energies with coffee, the aromatic brew that "quickens the spirit, and makes the heart lightsome." Chances are that Arbuckles' was the brand in all those coffeepots. In fact, the use of Arbuckle Bros. coffee was so widespread that its brand name came to be synonymous with the word "coffee."

On a ranch or in a cow camp, coffee was an ever-ready commodity. As Edward Everett Dale, the cowboy historian, noted, "An enormous quantity was required, for the cook firmly believed that there is no such thing as strong coffee but only 'weak people,' and the men for whom he must provide

Members of the coffee trade ridiculed the idea of selling roasted coffee "in little paper bags like peanuts," but Arbuckle prevailed.

were surely not of that type!" A recipe went the rounds from ranch to ranch, confided by cooks to greenhorn hands: "You take two pounds of Arbuckles', put in enough water to wet it down, then you boil it for two hours. After that, you throw in a horseshoe. If the shoe sinks, the coffee ain't ready." Bryan W. Brown tells of his father's recipe, just as primitive as the first: "Pa claimed that in camp he would put a few cups of coffee in a sock, tie the end, and throw it into a pot. By adding water and another sock of coffee once in a while, he always had what he called 'steamboat coffee.'"

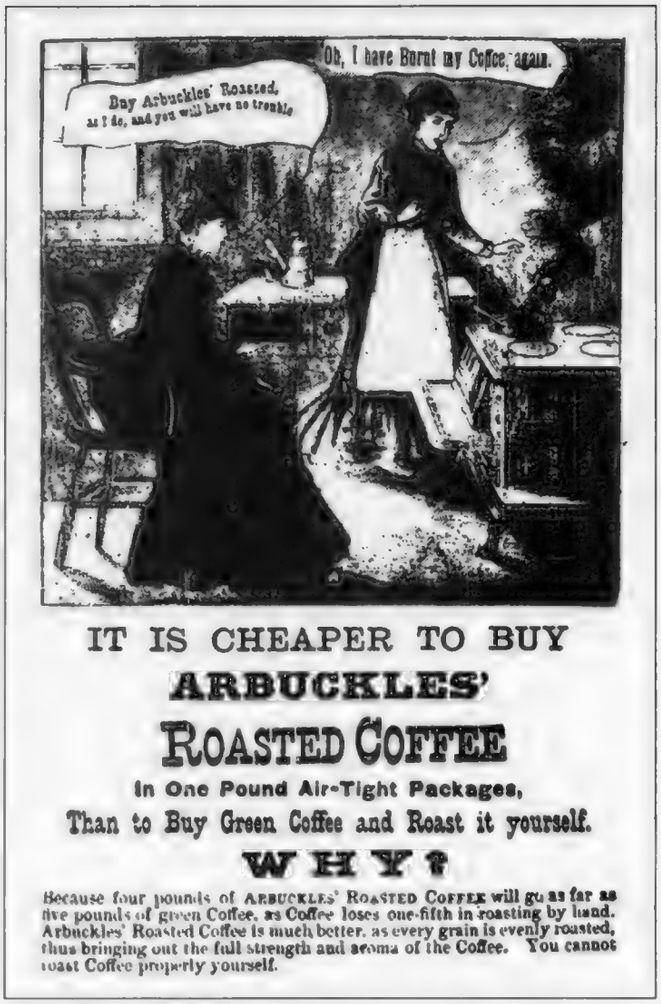
The popularity of Arbuckles' was due not only to its appealing aroma and taste but to the imagination and enterprise of John Arbuckle, a wholesale grocer in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He tackled the problem of roasting the beans—a chore that baffled both ranch cook and housewife.

Before Arbuckle's innovation, coffee beans were generally sold green, as green beans did not spoil or go stale and could be readily shipped and stored. But once roasted, the beans quickly lost the volatile oils that give the drink its taste and aroma. Consequently, roasted coffee was available only in large cities where demand was great enough to keep it from going stale in the grocers' bins.

In the West, cooks bought the green beans in bulk and then wrestled with the task of roasting them in a variety of skillets, cookie tins, or patented roasters that were similar to bed-warming pans or today's stove-top popcorn poppers. Bryan W. Brown, who lived in El Paso, Texas, across the Rio Grande from Mexico where green coffee could be bought cheaply, described a ritual that was repeated daily or weekly in thousands of Western households before the turn of the century. The green beans had to be clean-picked, placed in a single layer in a roasting pan, and constantly stirred over the fire to keep any of the beans from burning, as that would spoil the whole batch in the tray. Brown recollected:

> Mother spoiled lots of batches, as she was never satisified with the results of her roasting. She was forever experimenting, trying to get a more favorable flavor. Sometimes she added seasoning, spices, sauces, or oils to see if the roast could be improved.

John Arbuckle's great idea was to find a way to roast coffee beans and then protect them with a coating to prevent deterioration so they could be shipped all over the country,


Oh, I have Burnt my Coffee, again.
Buy Arbuckles' Roasted, as I do, and you will have no trouble
IT IS CHEAPER TO BUY
ARBUCKLES'
ROASTED COFFEE
In One Pound Air-Tight Packages,
Than to Buy Green Coffee and Roast it yourself.
WHY?
Because four pounds of ARBUCKLES' ROASTED COFFEE will go as far as five pounds of green Coffee, as Coffee loses one-fifth in roasting by hand. Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee is much better, as every grain is evenly roasted, thus bringing out the full strength and aroma of the Coffee. You cannot roast Coffee properly yourself.

PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

(Top) *Hand-roasting green beans was the standard procedure in the 1860s when Arbuckles' came out with one-pound packages of pre-roasted coffee. With the help of this colored handbill proclaiming the convenience and efficiency of pre-roasted beans, weary bean-burners were soon persuaded to buy Arbuckles' ready-to-grind coffee.* (Below) *Made of sturdy Maine fir and emblazoned with the flying angel trademark, shipping boxes full of aromatic Arbuckles' crossed the West to ranch, range, and reservation. In the southwest deserts this crate was a treasure box that could be transformed into an assortment of items including furniture, cradles, or walls for Navajo hogans.*

ready for grinding in the kitchen. Arbuckle bought a roaster from Jabez Burns (who had invented the first practical commercial bulk coffee roaster in the early 1860s) and went to work to develop a glaze. He came up with a process that coated the roasted beans with a mixture of Irish moss, gelatine, isinglass, white sugar, and eggs. Eventually, the glazing was simplified to use only sugar and eggs.

In 1865 Arbuckle introduced roasted coffee to Pittsburgh merchants in individual one-pound packages. Generally, members of the coffee trade ridiculed the idea of selling roasted coffee "in little paper bags like peanuts," but Arbuckle prevailed. He published a handbill, the first to use color in advertising a package coffee, in which he proclaimed:

> It is cheaper to buy Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee in one pound air-tight packages, than to buy green coffee and roast it yourself. Why? Because four pounds of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee will go as far as five pounds of green Coffee, as Coffee loses one-fifth in roasting by hand. Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee is much better, as every grain is evenly roasted, thus bringing out the full strength and aroma of the Coffee. You cannot roast Coffee properly yourself.

EARLY IN THE 1870S, JOHN ARBUCKLE LEFT THE Pittsburgh business in charge of his elder brother and moved to New York, the seat of the coffee trade, and Arbuckle Bros., a firm that was to shake the coffee industry, was born. By 1881 the company had eighty-five roasters operating in New York and Pittsburgh, and the name was rapidly fanning out through the South and West.

Initial brand names of Arbuckles' were COMPONO and FRAGAR, but on August 31, 1873, the most famous of them all appeared: ARIOSA. Origin of the word is hazy, but the most frequent explanation is that *A* stood for "Arbuckle"; *rio* for "Rio"; and *sa* for "Santos" or "South America." Rio and Santos coffees made up the Ariosa blend. Arbuckle registered an equally famous trademark: "the representation of an angel floating in the air, clothed in a star-spangled robe and assuming a benedictory attitude."

John Arbuckle hit upon the idea of using premiums to encourage the purchase of his coffee. He used to include a stick of sugar candy in each bag. This turned out to be a boon to chuck wagon cooks. If a cook wanted the next day's supply of coffee ground, he would call out "Who wants the candy?" and get a rash of volunteers to turn the crank on the coffee grinder, which was inevitably fastened to the side of the chuck wagon.

In 1893 Arbuckle acquired a patent on a card-feeder for a package-filling machine that would automatically insert a card into a package "in upright position alongside the material therein." Then he began including a colorful lithographed card in each package. There were four series of fifty cards each, with a guarantee that there would be no duplicates in a 100-pound case of coffee. The series were exotic animals, including an aardvark and a phatagin; chief countries of the world; states and territories of the United States; and Cooking Notes, recipes for the items illustrated as well as instructions for brewing a good pot of Arbuckles'.

These cards proclaimed, "Teachers and parents unanimously agree in declaring our cards to be the best conceived and executed object lessons for young people." Arbuckles' users were encouraged to exchange duplicates with their neighbors. The trade in coffee cards still goes on. They are highly sought by collectors of Americana in antique shops where they sell at prices that would have bought a dozen pounds of Ariosa during its halcyon days.

Arbuckle also acquired patent rights to a multilayered bag, to be made of one layer of paper sandwiched between two layers of toweling. The cloth, a continuous piece, was thus four times the area of the bag. After use of the contents, the bag could be ripped at the seams and converted into a towel.

In 1895 Arbuckle started printing a coupon bearing the signature "Arbuckle Bros." on each package. These coupons or vouchers had a cash value of one cent. A given number of coupons and a two-cent stamp would get a premium that could be selected from a catalogue of a hundred different items. For the ladies there were window curtains (65 signatures), aprons (25), a lady's belt (20), and twelve yards of printed organdie (100). For men there were such things as razors (28), pocket knives (40), watches (90); and a persistent coffee drinker could get an X-L, .32-calibre, centre-fire, double-action revolver of "highest grade material and workmanship" for 150 signatures.

Arbuckle Bros. established a Notions Department to handle this end of the business, and quite a business it turned out to be. In a typical year the Notions Department received

"Arbuckle" became a term of derision for the greenhorn cowhand, implying that he had been hired for premium coupons.

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

more than 108,000,000 signatures in exchange for more than 4,000,000 premiums. These included: 818,928 handkerchiefs; 216,000 pairs of lace curtains; 238,738 shears; and 185,920 Torrey razors. A member of the firm commented: "One of our premium rings was a wedding ring and if all the rings of this pattern served their intended purpose, then we have been participants in eighty thousand weddings a year." As a result of the premium operation, *Arbuckle* soon became a term of derision for the greenhorn cowhand. The implication was that the foreman had obtained his services with premium coupons.

Arbuckles' Coffee became tremendously popular in the Navajo Indian country near the boundary where Arizona meets New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah. During the heyday of the coupon redemption campaign, a traveler on the Navajo reservation visited the home of a number of Indian traders. He noticed a similarity in furnishings—dishes, lace curtains, cooking utensils, silverware, bedspreads. He asked if all these items came from the same wholesale house. No, the answer was, they were obtained by redeeming Arbuckle Bros. signatures. Traders bought the coupons back from the Indians for a stick of candy or a penny and redeemed them for home furnishings and stock for their shelves.

THE NAVAJOS DRANK PRODIGIOUS AMOUNTS OF coffee. They liked it strong and black, boiled with sugar in the pot, and they would have nothing but Arbuckles' Ariosa. When they bought it they asked for *Hosteen Cohay*—literally translated from the Navajo language, "Mr. Coffee." The shipping cases in which the one-pound packages came were particularly valuable. They were put to every possible purpose.

The late Dr. Irving McNeil, a long-time reservation physician, told the author that an Arbuckles' crate was the most prized gift an Indian agent could bestow upon an expectant mother. The crate was immediately converted into a cradle or, if the baby died, into a coffin.

> I have seen adults buried in many a coffin built of wood from Arbuckles' boxes [said Dr. McNeil], and more often than not a package of coffee would be put into the coffin along with other personal effects to ease the trip to the Happy Hunting Ground. I remember one time, a woman was watching as the lid was about to be nailed on her husband's coffin. Suddenly, she stopped the proceedings, grabbed out the package of coffee and ran to a coffee grinder in the kitchen. She poured the beans into the hopper, ground them, and put the coffee back into the bag, tears streaming all the while. "He never likes to grind coffee," she explained.

The shipping boxes were made of Maine fir, an exceptionally sturdy wood, as it needed to be, to withstand the trip from New York or Chicago to the farthest corner of the nation. Every case was emblazoned on two sides with the Arbuckles' flying angel. This wood served to make furniture, cradle boards, doors, chicken coops, tool chests, and even additions to hogans and buildings such as the Rainbow Lodge and Trading Post in Arizona.

"Arbuckles' Coffee, heck, yes, I remember it!" said Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater:

> At one time I owned the old Rainbow Lodge and Trading Post, located on the southeast edge of Navajo Mountain. It was from this post that the trail to Rainbow Natural Bridge commenced, and I owned the post for the business of taking people down to see that bridge. The garage was almost entirely constructed of old Arbuckles' boxes. The place burned completely down around 1952 or 1953 and, naturally, the first things to go were those wonderful Arbuckles' crates. I never had the money to rebuild it.

(Above) *Initially, Arbuckles' signature coupons were printed on coffee packages without a value designation. But when merchants in the West began to use them as legal tender in place of small change, the value notation was added to prevent overcharging.*
(Opposite) *This Arbuckles' advertisement enticed coffee-drinkers with a sampling of items that could be obtained for signatures. A pair of lace curtains was among the most popular premiums—216,000 pairs were sent out in one year.*

Arbuckles' Coffee

Is the Standard of Coffee Excellence by which all Coffee Quality is Compared.

No. 51
Dining Room Table Cloth.

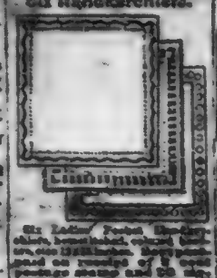
Table Cloth, white with red bars. Size 50 x 68 Inches.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 68 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 52. A Dress Pattern.

12 yards Printed Organdie, 36 inches wide, 6 colors to select from. Pink, Blue, Black, Pearl and Nile Green. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 100 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 53
Six Handkerchiefs.



Six Ladies' Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, with initial, one letter in each corner, sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 65 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 55
Four Handkerchiefs.

Four Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, with initial in each corner, sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 65 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

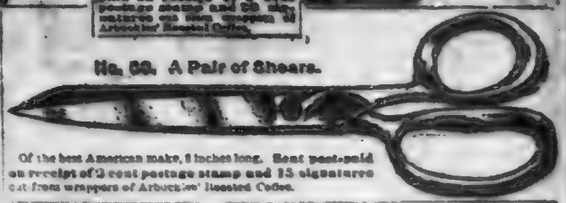
No. 62.
Lady's Apron.

Fine quality white lawn, wide ruffle and lace insertion. Size 32 x 40 inches. Sent postpaid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 54. A Pair of Window Curtains.

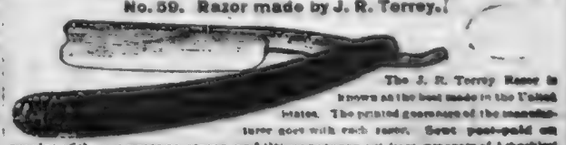
Each Curtain a yard wide two and three-quarter yards long. Sent postpaid on receipt of 3 cent postage stamp and 65 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 58. A Pair of Shears.



Of the best American make, 8 inches long. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 15 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 59. Razor made by J. R. Torrey.



The J. R. Torrey Razor is known as the best made in the United States. The printed guarantee of the manufacturer goes with each razor. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

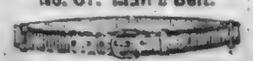
No. 57.
A Pair of Scissors.

Made by the best American manufacturers and well finished, 5½ inches long. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 60. Lady's Belt.

Latest style, grain leather tan color 1½ in. wide, nickel-plated buckle. Belts are following sizes only, give size in inches when ordering, from 21 to 26 in.; from 27 to 32 in.; from 33 to 36 in. Sent postpaid on receipt of a 2 cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from the wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 61. Man's Belt.

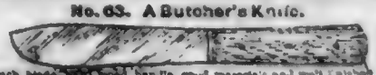


Grain leather, tan color, nickel-plated buckle and rings. When ordering give size of waist in inches. Belts run from 24 to 42 inches in length. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 62. A Carving Knife and Fork.

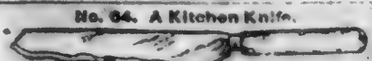
All steel set, mounted with [illegible] handle. Knife blade 8 inches long. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 90 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 63. A Butcher's Knife.



9-inch blade, steel hollow handle, good material and well finished. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 64. A Kitchen Knife.



Will cut bread, slice ham and saw the bone. Serviceable [illegible] every kitchen. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 14 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 65
A Lady's Pen Knife.

Handle beautifully variegated in imitation of onyx. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 30 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 67. Picture Frame.

Oxidized size, brass, silver prepared. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 13 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 66. A Gentleman's Pocket Knife.

Two-bladed knife made of best materials and finished in workmanlike manner. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 40 signatures cut from wrapper of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

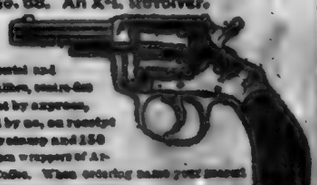
No. 69. A Gentleman's Watch.

The "New Haven" is a watch of the ordinary size, stem wind and stem set, dust proof, nickel-plated case, solid back. Quick beat movement, highly polished steel pinions. Timed after a standard watch, guaranteed a time-keeper. The principal use of the watch is to complete each watch. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 90 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 71.
Enameled Alarm Clock.

Nickel-plated or Alarm Clock, [illegible] finish, [illegible] pattern and metal hand. Will run thirty hours without winding. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 80 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office and your Post Office as well.

No. 68. An X-L Revolver.

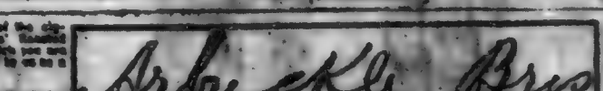


Highest grade material and workmanship, 32 calibre, centre-fire central action. Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 150 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 70
A Porcelain Clock.

Imported porcelain frame, tastefully ornamented. Movement made by New Haven Clock Co., guaranteed by them a good time-keeper, 8 inches high, same width. Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 113 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

This is a picture of the signature on Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee wrappers, which you are to cut out and send to us as directed.



In offering part of the Coffee premium list in our paper we do so with the understanding that we are to receive the same.

THREE OF OUR SIGNATURES ARE PRINTED ON RED BACKGROUND.

This represents one page of a List which is found in each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, and with each postage in which the List is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be received by him for [illegible] from the List, subject only to the conditions that the signatures on the package is to be cut out and returned to Arbuckle Bros. as a voucher, in accordance with the directions printed in connection with each item illustrated and described in the List. This List will be kept good only till Dec. 31, 1903. Another page of this List will appear in this paper shortly.

Address all communications to ARBUCKLE BROS., NOTION DEPT., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

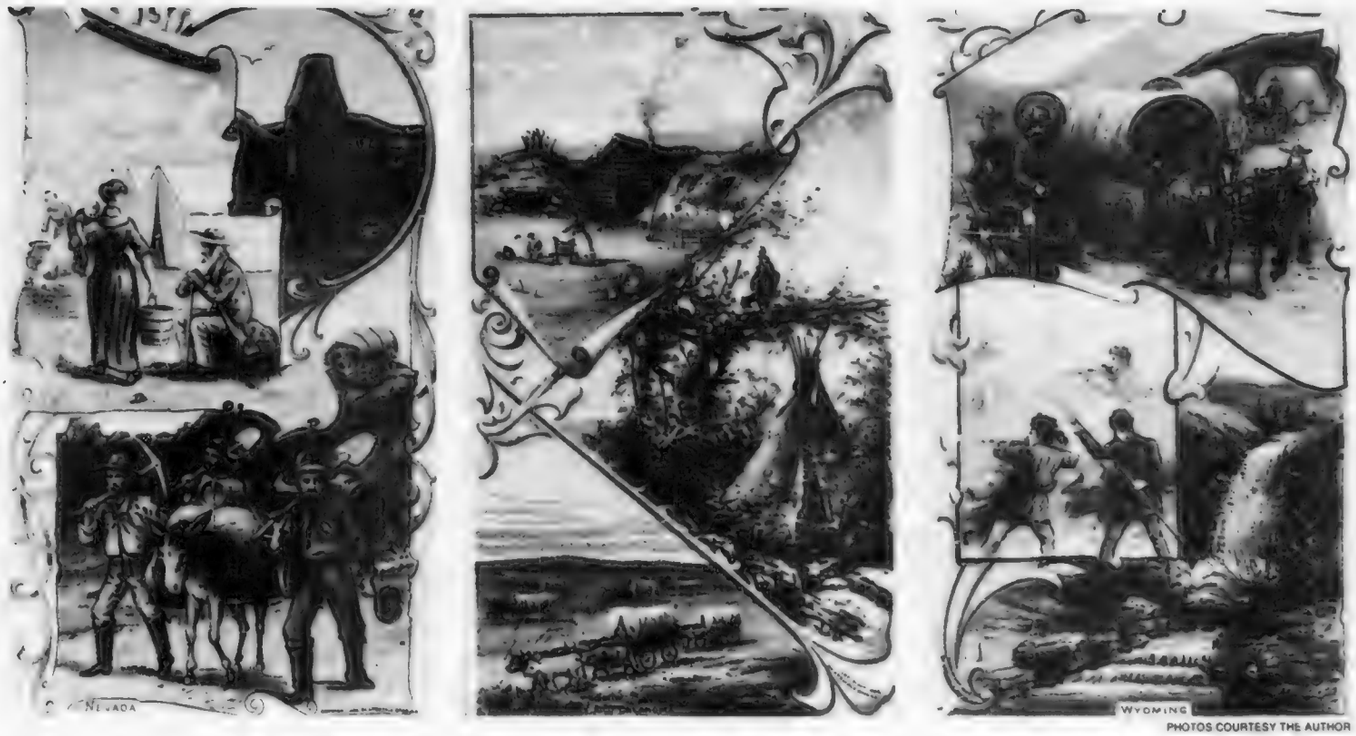
The coffee cards now sell in antique shops at prices that would have bought a dozen pounds of Ariosa during its halcyon days.

(Left to right) *Arbuckle Bros. published an atlas showing colorful lithographs of sections of the United States and its territories. These atlases, which incorporated Arbuckles' trade cards, were distributed as premiums for signatures and used in school classrooms. During the 1890s John Arbuckle began inserting individual lithographed cards in each package of coffee. The coffee cards, like bubblegum baseball cards today, were extensively traded. Fifty of these cards presented "A Pictorial History of the United States and Territories," with each card giving a brief historical commentary on the geographical sections and identifying the illustrations. On the card labeled* ***New Mexico*** *we see: Cabeza de Vaca discovering "Fixed Habitations"; A Zuni of Today Decorating Pottery; The Conquest of Cibola.* ***Nevada:*** *Mormon Camp Stopping Place, afterwards Genoa; Rush to the Silver Mines; Corner-stone in Death Valley.* ***Indian Territory and Oklahoma:*** *A Boomer's Home in Oklahoma; Indian Watching for Buffaloes; Oklahoma, the Rush Across the Border, 1889.* ***Wyoming:*** *Emigrant Train on the Way to the Pacific Coast; Great Falls of the Yellowstone; Hunters of the Missouri Fur Co., 1810.*

On one occasion a new trader on the scene decided he was going to corner the Navajo trade in his area and started paying two cents for Arbuckle Bros. signatures instead of the published value. This did not set well with his nearest competitor, a trader of many years' experience. The old hand prepared a mixture of lampblack and kerosene. Then, by using the unprinted areas of Arbuckles' sacks, he managed to counterfeit several thousand coupons, which he gave to Navajos to sell to the upstart trader. Shortly after the new trader sent the bogus signatures to the Notions Department of Arbuckle Bros. for redemption, a representative of the firm called at his trading post to learn why anyone would counterfeit something worth only a penny, and the trader stopped buying coupons from Navajos at any price.

The Arbuckles not only concentrated their sales efforts in the West, but they became a part of the Western scene. The company acquired two ranches in Wyoming Territory: a horse ranch on Lodge Pole Creek about twenty miles north of Cheyenne and a cattle ranch a few miles away on Horse Creek. The horses were branded PO on the left jaw and the cattle wore L5 on the left ribs.

Headquarters at the PO ranch was a showplace with brightly painted yellow barns and buildings as well as covered corrals. There was much entertainment and play at the ranch, with visitors coming to shoot pigeons and follow



PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

dogs that were trained to run down wolves and coyotes. And, yes! There was a post office at the headquarters ranch, officially listed in the United States Post Office Guide for the years 1889–1901—Ariosa, Wyoming Territory.

After visiting the ranch during a Wyoming winter, John Arbuckle put his inventive talent to work. The result was a patent for a mitten, filed December 6, 1888. Arbuckle's mitten had an opening at the tip of the fingers and at the tip of the thumb so that the wearer could warm his hands by blowing his breath into the holes. Spring-pressed valves allowed the warm breath to enter and prevented its leaking out. It is not known if these mittens were ever produced commercially, but it is a safe bet that John Arbuckle had a pair for his next winter visit to Wyoming.

AFTER MOVING TO NEW YORK AND STARTING THE Arbuckle Bros. coffee empire, Arbuckle personally invented much of his own processing and packaging equipment. On April 22, 1897, he filed a patent application for his own roaster, a behemoth of a machine with a drum to "carry up the coffee and shower it in a distributed rain of beans...combined with a furnace and a blower adapted to maintaining an upward current of hot fire-gases in contact with the falling coffee whereby to roast the beans individually while falling through the hot gases." This machine was exhibited at the Berlin Industrial Exhibition of 1896. In addition to coffee-processing equipment, John Arbuckle patented a fireproof building, a safety signal for railroad trains, and two devices for raising sunken vessels.

During his youth in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, John Arbuckle had Andrew Carnegie as a school classmate. Like his fellow Scotsman, Arbuckle was a shrewd business competitor, attained great wealth, and held strong views regarding the use of his fortune for the betterment of mankind. Since he and his wife were childless, Arbuckle turned his spare time and his spare money—of the latter there was considerable—to numerous philanthropic projects directed mostly toward workers and their children and church projects. Convinced that "the cool, salt air of the ocean" would be a boon "to sweltering, overworked people of the crowded cities," he fitted out a number of "poor man's yachts." At a cost of $300,000 he prepared a fleet of floating hotels, three ex-yachts and an old clipper ship. He had tugs tow these craft, loaded with workers and their families, out beyond Sandy Hook to spend the night in genuine salt air. After the first month, patronage fell off, and he abandoned the project.

Arbuckle lived to the age of seventy-four, going to his office at the foot of Jay Street in Brooklyn until four days before his death on March 27, 1912. Ramon F. Adams reported that cowmen had begun "worrying about what they

JOHN ARBUCKLE.

PHOTO COURTESY THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

John Arbuckle, for half a century recognized as the dean of the American coffee trade, was born in 1839, son of a well-to-do Scottish mill owner in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, where he was a schoolmate of Andrew Carnegie. One of Arbuckle's unusual hobbies was distributing cards with homely mottoes or advice. His mailing list for these cards included both friends and enemies.

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would do for coffee if the Arbuckles died." After Arbuckle's death, the firm was reorganized and continued for a while, but the cowmen had good reason to worry. The Arbuckle Bros. trademarks eventually passed on to General Foods Corporation, and Yuban, "The Guest Coffee" as Arbuckle had advertised it, is the only one of the old brand names surviving on today's supermarket shelves.

Jack Culley, one-time manager of the Bell Ranch in New Mexico told Ramon Adams, "I don't know who the Arbuckles were, but they should have a monument erected in their honor somewhere on the High Plains." There *is* a monument, a very small monument: a crate that once held Arbuckles' Ariosa, carefully preserved in the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum on the campus of West Texas State University in Canyon, Texas. Then there are memories, wafting like the strong aroma from a blackened pot over the campfire, in the minds of old cowhands and old Navajos as they sip cups of the present-day brews and look back with regret at the passing of *Hosteen Cohay*—"Mr. Coffee."

The guiding maxim of John Arbuckle's life was found inscribed in the front of one of his notebooks: "Only workers with hand and brain are worthy of respect; all else is chaff and rubbish." John Arbuckle was a worker with hand and brain.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Material for this article came in part from Ramon F. Adams, *Come an' Get It* (1952); Bryan W. Brown, "Boyhood in Early El Paso—1903," *Password* (Spring, 1970); E. E. Dale, "Cowboy Cookery," *The Hereford Journal* (January 1, 1946); Heinrich Eduard Jacob, *The Saga of Coffee* (1935); William H. Ukers, *All About Coffee* (1935).

Francis L. Fugate *is writing a book about the history and use of coffee. "I average about ten cups a day," he says. "The only time coffee keeps me awake is while I am reading or writing about it." Mr. Fugate is a frequent contributor to* AMERICAN WEST.

The PO Ranch

The PO Ranch Headquarters is located about thirteen miles north of Cheyenne, Wyoming, off U.S. 85. The ranch was established in 1872 by Morton Post, who said there would be a demand for horses as long as civilization lasted. Percherons were his favorite breed. Post and a partner named Brown invested more than $500,000 in horses, land, and buildings. By 1884 they claimed control of 100,000 acres. The ranch was a real showplace with corrals to work 5,000 head. One year a roundup of 4,000 horses was trailed to the Union Pacific railhead at Hillsdale, fifteen miles east of the ranch. The first of the herd reached the stockyards before the last left the home corral.

During the blizzard winter of 1886–87, Wyoming stockmen lost their shirts, and Post was no exception. The Arbuckle Coffee Company purchased the PO in 1891. After John Arbuckle's death in 1912, management and ownership passed to absentee trustees. Eventually, a portion was willed to the Presbyterian Mission Board. The remainder has been broken up among various owners. Some of the land has been subdivided into acreage plots.

The headquarters, including the ranchhouse, some outbuildings, and corrals that were built before the turn of the century, is still intact as part of a working ranch operated by a lessee.

than just another scholarly journal, this grieves me. It also grieves me to see Gresham's Law working in the magazine's contents.

Yours in sorrow and in wrath,

W. H. Hutchinson
Chico, California

Stan Steiner, author of "Jewish Conquistadors," answers Professor Hutchinson's letter as follows.—Ed.

The scholarly discussion of the myths and facts of history can be enlightening for all concerned. But it is difficult to have a scholarly discussion based upon so impolite a letter, for "wrath" and "outrage" rarely lead to enlightenment.

And so, a few thoughtful and calm words may be of use.

So many Spanish Jews had come to Mexico that the Royal Census of 1545 indicated that twenty-five percent of the population of Mexico City was Jewish, and that did not count *conversos*, converted and hidden Jews. One historian of the 16th century, Fernandez de Castillo, believed there were "more Jews than Catholics." By 1650 there were fifteen synagogs in Mexico City and eleven elsewhere in the land.

And this was so throughout Spanish America. In 1506 the Bishop of Puerto Rico complained the ships from Spain brought "mostly Hebrews" and in 1510 the Bishop of Cuba said the ships were "full of Jews" and "heretics," while in Peru the chronicler Pinto de Lima said that seventy-five percent of Pizzaro's conquistadors were Jews.

These were not a "miniscule number of persecuted Jewish conquerors." Nor has their influence in the conquest and colonization of the Southwest been given the study it deserves.

When the Holy Inquisition came to Mexico, many of these Jews fled to Nueva Espana and Nuevo Leon. Nonetheless, many former conquistadors and prominent citizens were arrested and tried. One was a Governor of Nueva Espana.

And once more the Spanish Jews had to hide their history.

These Jews were not like those of Eastern Europe. Professor of Arab Studies at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, Eliahu Ashtor, has called them "warlike," for they were horsemen and warriors in Spain for centuries; and though they had aided the Berber invasions in the 700s, they became more Spanish than the Spanish, said historian Salvador de Madariaga.

All of this, and more, was in the original article and chapter from my *Dark and Dashing Horsemen*.

Nowhere in that chapter or article do I say the tossed lasso, the horned saddle, or the *la gineta* riding style came from these Spanish Jews. To the contrary. Every historian of horsemanship knows these originated in Asia Minor and North Africa, and their history goes back to Solomon, and beyond.

Finally, may I suggest that rather than base one's knowledge of this epic era on a few sentences, inadequate and inaccurate, in Parkes's history (Carvajal's ranch was in Panuco, not in Zacatecas, he did not found Monterrey and he was *not* burned at the stake), there are hundreds of studies and books that study this history. May I list a few:

Los judios en la Nueva Espana, La familia Carvajal, and *La Iglesia y el estado en Mexico* by Alfonso Toro.

Crypto-Jews in Mexico in the 16th Century (and the 17th) by Arnold Winitzer.

Luis de Carvajal, el Mozo by Alberto Maria Carreno.

La Inquisicion en Mexico durante el siglo XVI by Muriel Yolanda Ibanez.

The Jews of New Spain by Seymour Leibman, as well as his *The Enlightened: The Writings of Luis Carvajal, El Mozo*.

So then, it seems to me that the attempt to explore a little-known history ought to be greeted by historians with curiosity and intellectual delight. Not with insults. In Peace.

Stan Steiner
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Kudos and brickbats

Thanks for your first-rate, high quality magazine. The writing is as beautiful as the art. The cartoon with your View from the West (September/October) said

Continued on page 82

"I Cried Every Time I Brushed My Hair!"

My hair was so thin and weak and brittle. I was breaking it off in bunches. I tried everything to stop it . . . protein treatments, conditioners . . . but nothing really helped. Broken hair was breaking my heart!

Then I heard about AVIDO TREATMENT . . . the amazing new product with AV7*, the best that science can offer. After using AVIDO for just a few short weeks, my mirror and my hair brush showed me the difference.

Now my hair is stronger, thicker and shinier . . . easier to manage . . . full of life and bounce. It styles and curls and bends without breaking. (Your mirror and hair brush will show you the difference.)

Thousands of men have also discovered the marvelous benefits of AVIDO. You can see the difference yourself without risking a cent. Just send for your supply of AVIDO TREATMENT today. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return the unused portion and your money will be gladly refunded.

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The race for the Gunnison country

Bold rivalry of mountain railroads to conquer Colorado Rockies

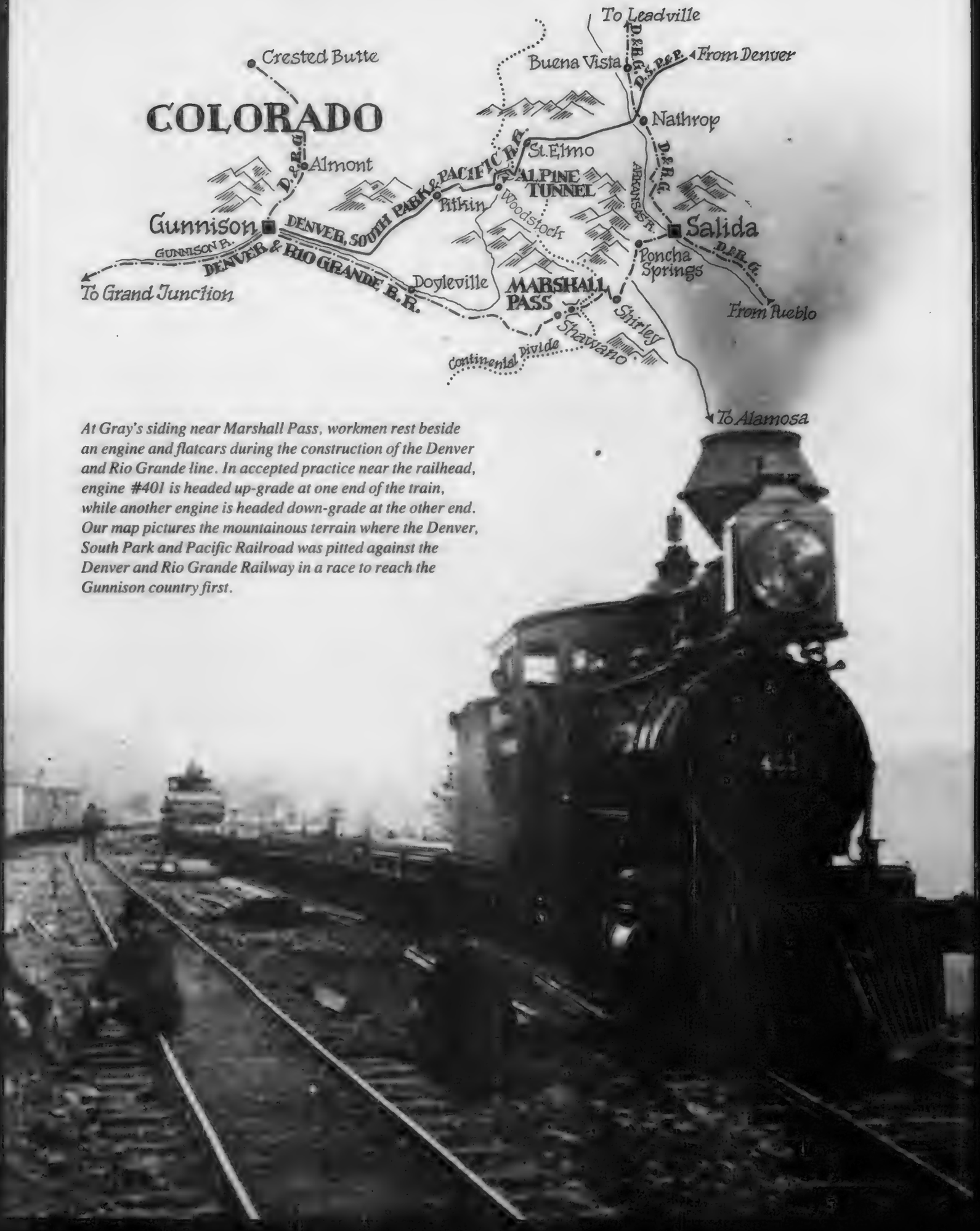
by Walter R. Borneman

THE HIGH, BARREN REACHES ALONG THE CONTINENTAL Divide lie quiet now. Aside from an occasional summer adventurer or curious marmot, their only visitor is the ever-present wind. Yet, a century ago, the high passes of the Colorado Rockies were the key to unlocking an alluring, new land that harbored untold mineral wealth. Railroads with energetic empire builders at the helm fought to control the strategic passes as routes into this new western territory. Gone were the grassy grades of the plains and the rolling hills of the east. Here was a rocky, wind-swept land that demanded engineering innovations, bold gambles, and plenty of guts. Here was a land that demanded the best in mountain railroading but promised great prizes for the company with the strength and determination to push its way through.

In the 1870s and 1880s one of the great prizes west of the Continental Divide was the Gunnison country. Founded in 1874, Gunnison City was the hub of a wheel dotted with gold and silver boomtowns crying out for the means to transport their ores east. North of Gunnison, the coal mines of Crested Butte offered the best anthracite coal west of Pennsylvania, a product of keen interest to steam railroads. The Gunnison country also offered the possibility of the first transcontinental route through Colorado. The mountains immediately west of Denver severely hampered early attempts to push a line westward to Salt Lake City, and the route through the Gunnison country looked promising. Finally, the mineral wealth of the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado was open to the railroad that could gain access to its northern door.

Smoking mightily, engine 197 of the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad pauses with a trainload of fans from Pitkin on the way to root for the home baseball team in a game with St. Elmo in 1889. With bold palisades as a backdrop, this holiday group poses for its picture. Fans at the front of the engine are, left to right: Bob Williams, Howard Reed, Hugh Smith, and engineer John Stapleton.

PHOTO BY JAMES WISEMAN, COURTESY DOW HELMERS COLLECTION



At Gray's siding near Marshall Pass, workmen rest beside an engine and flatcars during the construction of the Denver and Rio Grande line. In accepted practice near the railhead, engine #401 is headed up-grade at one end of the train, while another engine is headed down-grade at the other end. Our map pictures the mountainous terrain where the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad was pitted against the Denver and Rio Grande Railway in a race to reach the Gunnison country first.

When crafty Jay Gould bought the South Park Railroad, the race to the Gunnison country fired up.

Two newly formed Colorado railroad companies answered the call of this prize-laden land, and the race for the Gunnison country began. Coloradoans watched eagerly to see whether "Denver, South Park & Pacific" or "Denver & Rio Grande" would be lettered on the first locomotive to steam into the Gunnison country.

Organized in 1870 by Civil War general William Jackson Palmer, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway first pushed its narrow-gauge tracks south from Denver along the Front Range of the Rockies toward Santa Fe and El Paso. Beaten by the Santa Fe Railroad in an attempt to cross Raton Pass into New Mexico, Palmer turned his tracks to the west at Pueblo. Wresting control of the narrow canyon of the Royal Gorge from the Santa Fe, he raced for the promising silver capital of Leadville, northeast of Gunnison and separated from it by the Continental Divide. Even as the Rio Grande reached Leadville in July of 1880, there was excitement in the air about new bonanzas in the Gunnison country.

A worthy competitor for the Rio Grande was the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad, organized in 1872 under the leadership of ex-territorial governor John Evans. With the optimistic goal of the Pacific coast, the narrow-gauge line built southwest from Denver through the Platte River Canyon and across the broad area known as South Park. In the summer of 1880, the South Park railway emerged from the park over Trout Creek Pass near Nathrop, in the valley of the Arkansas River, along which Denver and Rio Grande tracks ran north to Leadville.

The previous fall, Evans had negotiated a joint operating agreement with Palmer that permitted Rio Grande trains to operate over a proposed South Park extension west across the Continental Divide into the Gunnison country in return for South Park rights on Rio Grande tracks into Leadville. This agreement seemed beneficial to both parties, particularly as the Rio Grande drew new life from the revenues of the Leadville traffic and recovered from the heady drive through the Royal Gorge.

This momentary respite was shattered in November of 1880, when Evans sold the South Park to the eastern financial manipulator Jay Gould. While the South Park under Evans's control was an aggreeable partner, Gould ownership of the route threatened the Rio Grande with stiff competition from Gould's giant Union Pacific. Palmer saw the South Park purchase as a repudiation of a Gould agreement not to build into the central Colorado Rockies. Consequently, Palmer repudiated the joint operating agreement with the South Park, saying he had no intention of being left out of the Gunnison country by trusting the "buccaneering maneuvers of the man who had wrecked the Erie."

Now, the race to the Gunnison country began in earnest. When Palmer repudiated the joint operating agreement, the South Park held a commanding advantage over the Rio Grande because of previous efforts to establish the best route west from the Arkansas valley over the Continental Divide. As early as May of 1879, South Park president Evans wrote to his locating engineer that it was of the utmost importance to find a pass over the Divide via Chalk Creek, Cottonwood, or Marshall Pass. Rejecting what appeared to be a promising route over Marshall Pass, the South Park's engineers chose a route west from Nathrop, up Chalk Creek, which called for a tunnel under Alpine Pass before dipping into the valley of the Gunnison River. Confident that the Alpine Tunnel could be finished within six months, the South Park expected to find it ready for use by the time they hoped to complete the tracks up Chalk Creek in the summer of 1880.

BUT THE SOUTH PARK'S PROGRESS WAS ARRESTED BY the fury of a Colorado winter and the toughness of the mountain they were attempting to pierce. With elevation at the east portal of the proposed tunnel at 11,500 feet, with below-zero temperatures sent even lower by the biting wind, few workmen stayed on the job for more than a month. The South Park was forced to recruit laborers from the east by enticing them to Colorado with free transportation on the Union Pacific. When hard-rock miners from Leadville began drilling the Alpine Tunnel, they found crumbling, decomposed granite, saturated with running water—instead of the hard granite core that engineers had expected. By the summer of 1880, six months after signing a contract to build the tunnel, the construction company called it quits, some 1,450 feet short of its goal.

Meanwhile, railroad fever hit Gunnison with force in May of 1880. Even though Palmer and the Rio Grande had barely emerged from the Royal Gorge, Gunnison city fathers circulated a petition urging that a Denver and Rio Grande extension be built into the Gunnison country. In a statement indicative of the "community boosterism" press of those times, the *Gunnison News* predicted that the Rio Grande would be in Gunnison by September and that the promising Gunnison country would then be blessed with two railroads! Gunnison was convinced of course that the arrival of the South Park was only a matter of days.

September of 1880 found neither the South Park nor the Rio Grande in Gunnison. When the harmony of the joint operating agreement was broken by Jay Gould's purchase of the South Park, Palmer entered the race full tilt. Rio Grande construction engineers looked immediately to Marshall Pass, which straddles the Continental Divide some twenty-five miles south of Chalk Creek. During the summer of 1879 Otto Mears, an indomitable roadbuilder and entrepreneur, had constructed the Marshall Pass and Gunnison Toll Road. This road over the gently rolling grades of Marshall Pass soon became the key route into the Gunnison country. The Rio Grande shrewdly negotiated the purchase of the Mears toll road for $13,000. With a major portion of its route to Gunnison already graded, and with the South Park's tracks halted at

MAP DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

PHOTO BY WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON COURTESY WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

PHOTO BY WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON. COURTESY COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The glory guys of rival railroads battled steep grades, winter storms, and bad luck to cross the Divide.

In 1881 the Denver and Rio Grande Railway pushed its tracks over Marshall Pass on its race to Gunnison. Above, one of its engines stops near the Shawano tank, just west of the Pass. In order to traverse the summit, tracks had to follow the loops seen in the background. This photograph was taken before snowsheds were built to keep the tracks free of heavy winter snowfall.

(Opposite) *During the winter of 1890, the Jull plow was tested on the South Park tracks east of Alpine Tunnel. Named after its inventor, Orange Jull, this plow attacked the snow with an auger-like arrangement that often only bored a hole in the snow instead of throwing it off the track. The Jull was retired in favor of the rotary plow.*

St. Elmo east of the unfinished Alpine Tunnel, the Denver and Rio Grande was in the race after all.

As 1881 began, Rio Grande survey crews reached Gunnison and announced that the Marshall Pass line would be more than just a branch line into the Gunnison country; it would forge ahead to Utah, as part of a transcontinental route. Palmer was not pulling any punches. By the middle of February, 1,100 men with 150 teams of horses were at work battling the cold, snow, and frozen ground to prepare the roadbed for ties and rails.

Despite the serious difficulty of securing and keeping good labor, the Rio Grande laid rails up the east side of Marshall Pass with speed, gaining 2,400 feet of elevation in fourteen miles. Along the way, overnight boomtowns enjoyed the prosperity of being a railhead. Shirley was typical. By May, the town boasted seventy-five tents and buildings, including "saloons without number."

On June 21, 1881, as the horse-drawn Sanderson Company coach from the railhead atop the pass pulled into dusty Gunnison, the weary passengers announced that they had ridden the first passenger train to climb the eastern slope of the 10,846-foot summit of Marshall Pass. The Rio Grande was across the Continental Divide! "And this is not the best of the news," the *Gunnison News-Democrat* went on to report. "There is little doubt but that the whistle of the first locomotive in this valley will serenade the people of Gunnison by the first of August."

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD ARCHIVES. COURTESY DOW HELMERS COLLECTION

As Gunnison cheered the advances of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, South Park construction crews were still waiting to see daylight through the Alpine Tunnel. All through the harsh winter of 1880–81 the work force had toiled against the elements. Alpine Tunnel chronicler Dow Helmers rightly observed that the tunnel was handmade of courage, determination, and fortitude. Finally, on July 26, 1881, after nineteen months of work, the crews working from opposite portals met, and daylight shone through one of the toughest one-third miles of railroad track in the world.

The *Pueblo Chieftain* optimistically reported that the South Park claimed it would still be in Gunnison within six weeks. Rails were pushed up Tunnel Gulch and iron reached the east portal on August 11, but it was too late. On the hot and dusty afternoon of August 6, 1881, the rails of the Denver and Rio Grande had been spiked down across Main Street in Gunnison, inaugurating almost seventy-five years of narrow-gauge service to the Gunnison country.

Initially, the South Park swallowed this defeat and continued timbering the tunnel and preparing tracks west to Gunnison. The race might be over, but the hard-headed glory guys of the South Park would still win the battle for business! However, the mountain again demanded its dues. On October 31, Gunnison newspapers reported a major cave-in at the tunnel. Reports were sketchy, and South Park public-relations reports were encouraging, but less than three weeks later, in the face of a third winter of construction, the South Park announced it was abandoning work on the line until spring.

While the South Park retreated from winter's onslaught, the Rio Grande made determined plans to meet it head on. Carpenters built a series of snowsheds near the summit of Marshall Pass, designed to protect the track from blowing and drifting snow. The standard joke around the Gunnison roundhouse was that firemen and brakemen were hired for a trial period and then given permanent jobs only if they showed great proficiency in shoveling snow. The *Gunnison Daily News-Democrat* admonished Rio Grande passengers who complained of hunger while waiting for plows to clear the snowbound line that "no person should attempt to cross the Divide during the winter without taking a full day's rations with him."

KEEPING THE TRAINS MOVING ACROSS MARSHALL PASS was a constant battle. Yet from the first winter on, the Rio Grande used an arsenal of snowsheds, snow fences, rotary plows, flangers, and double-headed locomotives to accomplish the task. And when the machines failed, there was always a crew of iron men ready to lend guts and daring to the battle.

The Rio Grande, of course, had no monopoly on courage. South Park brakeman Jim Edgeworth recalled to Dow Helmers: "Those engineers on the Park were the gamest fellows I ever saw. Equipment, rails, roadbed, and safety devices

The victors were those brave railroad men who fought against great odds to get 'er there on time.

were just not equal to the difficulties of railroading through those mountains. Every trip meant danger. You could never make a run through the tunnel without a feeling of excitement, no matter how many times you had done it before."

When construction work was finally completed and the first train was run through Alpine Tunnel in the summer of 1882, it was a colossal accomplishment. Perhaps most remarkable was the fact that the 1,700-foot tunnel was constructed from both ends with engineering error of less than one foot. Alpine Station at the west portal boasted a six-stall roundhouse complete with coal bin and water tank, a bunk house and section house, and later a telegraph station. From Alpine Station, South Park tracks descended the abutments of the Palisades toward Gunnison.

Finally, on September 2, 1882, in better-late-than-never fashion, an engine with "Denver, South Park & Pacific" lettering steamed into Gunnison. The South Park rails arrived just in time to give the Rio Grande some competition for a special excursion to the Denver Exposition. Each railroad ran ads to entice tourists to observe the wonders of Marshall Pass or Alpine Tunnel. In honor of "Gunnison Day" at the exposition, the Rio Grande ran a special of seven coaches east over Marshall Pass while the South Park took six coaches through Alpine Tunnel.

Gunnison gave the South Park the sort of rousing welcome the Rio Grande had enjoyed the previous year. Old-timer William Thom recalled that the town was wide open that night. "On either side of roaring bonfires were long rows of beer kegs, all inviting the thirsty—and believe me, there were plenty who acted as though their throats were in need of freely flowing beer."

One pompous speaker, enjoying the exuberance of the moment, proclaimed that one railroad was a good thing, but that two railroads were even better because they would hold each other in check and force a lowering of freight rates. Actually, the South Park and the Rio Grande had already agreed that with heavy construction debts, neither had any intention of forcing rates below a profitable level.

In lighter moments, South Park and Rio Grande engineers limited competition to racing their locomotives along the parallel tracks east of Gunnison, much to the delight of cheering passengers. But competition was not always so lighthearted. In July of 1884, when one-half-mile of snowsheds on Marshall Pass burned down, newspapers reported that "it

COURTESY DOW HELMERS COLLECTION

(Left) *In the Colorado Rockies during the 1880s, folks spent a day's holiday riding the train. Dressed in their Sunday best, this handsome group took a breath of air while their excursion train stopped near Alpine Tunnel. As part of the Union Pacific network the Alpine Tunnel branch operated as the Denver, Leadville, and Gunnison line.*

(Below) *Four engines and the Jull plow fight to clear South Park tracks leading to the East Portal of Alpine Tunnel during the winter of 1890. As one veteran put it, "It wasn't railroading in winter; it was just fighting snow!"*

PHOTO BY WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD ARCHIVES COURTESY DOW HELMERS COLLECTION

was immediately surmised that it was the work of incendiaries and the burning was, of course, coupled with the competition between the two roads." It was a week before trains could be run over Marshall Pass, and suspicious individuals noted that in the interim the South Park got considerably more traffic through Alpine Tunnel.

In the end, however, despite all its charisma and the dedication of its workers, the South Park simply could not pay the price of competing via the treacherous Alpine Tunnel route. The Rio Grande had gone on from Gunnison to make transcontinental connections in Utah. By 1890, a second Rio Grande line across the state firmly established it as the biggest, the toughest, and the best of Colorado's mountain railroads.

By contrast, the South Park never reached further than several coal camps north of Gunnison. The Alpine Tunnel route was plagued by frequent winter closures and numerous rock slides inside the tunnel. In one attempt to open the tunnel after a lengthy closure, three South Park crewmen were asphyxiated while trying to pump water from the tunnel. Finally, in 1910, the South Park gave up for good and abandoned the route. The Rio Grande continued to serve the Gunnison country for another forty-five years. During that time many old-timers still saw through misty eyes the ghost of a black and sooty South Park engine ramming up the grade toward Alpine Tunnel.

History calls the Rio Grande victor in the corporate race for the Gunnison country and accords the South Park barely a footnote. Yet, dreams of empire by visionaries like Palmer and Evans were fueled with the toil of common men. Considering determined accomplishment, the unnamed Rio Grande and South Park workers who built the lines and the engineers and firemen who kept their trains running over them deserve to be called victors. As the wind whistles across the rocky reaches of Alpine Tunnel and Marshall Pass, it is not too difficult to imagine the dull clang of sledge hammers and the hissing of steam as the ghosts of those mountain railroaders labor to "get 'er there on time!"

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Walter R. Borneman *is a Colorado attorney and historian. He is the coauthor of* A Climbing Guide to Colorado Fourteeners *and will publish* Colorado's Other Mountains: A Climbing Guide to Selected Peaks below Fourteen Thousand Feet, *next spring.*

Western Art Notes

DOWNING THE NIGH LEADER BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

PHOTO BY JAMES O. MILMOE. COURTESY MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART, DENVER

Museum of Western Art

The Museum of Western Art opened during December in the completely renovated, historic, Victorian, Navarre building across from the Brown Palace Hotel in the heart of downtown Denver. William C. Foxley heads the partnership and group of trustees that established the Museum, a public foundation housing a diverse collection of over 125 paintings and sculpture by western artists.

Masterworks by Bierstadt, Moran, Farny, Russell, Remington, Blumenschein, O'Keeffe, and fifty other artists who portrayed the West between the Civil War and World War II are displayed in the museum's 9,000 square feet of exhibition space during the inaugural show of the museum's permanent collection. The visitor will travel through three levels of galleries where the art is organized by categories: "Before the White Man," "Westward Expansion," and "The Old West Is Dead." The collection is an outstanding history of Western American art from romantic realism to modernism.

In the spring of 1984 the first of a series of temporary traveling exhibits of Western art will open on the main floor gallery. The Museum of Western Art is located at 1727 Tremont Place, Denver, Colorado 80202. It is open to the general public every day of the week. Built in 1880, the Navarre building is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The silver image. Fifty major California photographers are represented in a major exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art beginning January 12. Natural landscapes as well as manipulated scenes and prints have been organized to demonstrate the development of the photographic arts since 1945 in California, where photography has been in the forefront. Works of Jack Welpott, Jo Ann Callis, Minor White, and Judy Dater—to name a few—will be on display through March 11, 1984. This exhibition will subsequently travel back and forth across the country to the Akron Art Museum, Akron, Ohio; the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D.C.; the Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery; the Herbert T. Johnson Museum, Ithaca, New York; the Museum of Photographic Arts in San Diego; ending at the High Museum of Art in Atlanta in 1985.

Tlanuwa's Heritage: The Prehistoric Arts of the Lower Mississippi Valley. Sculpture in stone and clay, textiles, wood and shell pieces, and jewelry are on view at the Denver Art Museum through January 15.

The Lane Collection: Twentieth-Century Paintings in the American Tradition features works of Georgia O'Keeffe, Marsden Hartley, Charles Sheeler, and many others who worked in the early to midtwentieth century. The exhibition will be on display at the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, from January 7 through March 4.

Mexican Folkart Celebration: The Daniel Collection, 800 pieces, can be seen at the Tucson Museum of Art through February 5. You can also see two new permanent exhibits: western art in the Campbell Gallery and ceramic, stone, and textile artistry and artifacts in the pre-Columbian gallery.

Treasures from the Shanghai Museum: 6,000 Years of Chinese Art. Bronzes, jades, sculpture, and paintings from the Ming and Ching dynasties can be seen through Feburary 14 at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.

Margaret Tafoya: Her Inheritance and Legacy. Handcrafted pottery by a Santa Clara potter and members of her family is on display at the Denver Museum of Natural History through January 22 in the Assistance League Gallery.

Hermann Lungkwitz: German Romantic Landscapist on the Texas Frontier. Works of Texas's first important landscape artist are on view at the Institute of Texan Culture in San Antonio through January 8.

Western art roundup. Lovers of western art came out strong for a big weekend in Phoenix, Arizona, late last October. Thirteen hundred devotees attended an opening at the Phoenix Art Museum, where members of the Cowboy Artists of America exhibited a remuda of oils, watercolors, drawings, and bronzes for sale. Of the 125 pieces, 106 were sold that night alone, netting a total of $1,507,000 for the artists with a percentage going to the Men's Art Council of the Phoenix Art Museum.

The next day more than 500 hopeful buyers, with enthusiasm undampened by Saturday night's spree, showed up at the Biltmore Hotel in nearby Scottsdale for the auction of Western art and artifacts from the liquidation of the Period Gallery West. Over 500 items of historical and aesthetic interest —Indian rugs and blankets, antique silver spurs, bronzes, and paintings by artists like Walter Ufer and Thomas Moran—were on the roster for sale. Exact figures on sales were not given out, but prices were high, and the report is that the auction "went well." Western art, old and new, "went well" all around that weekend.

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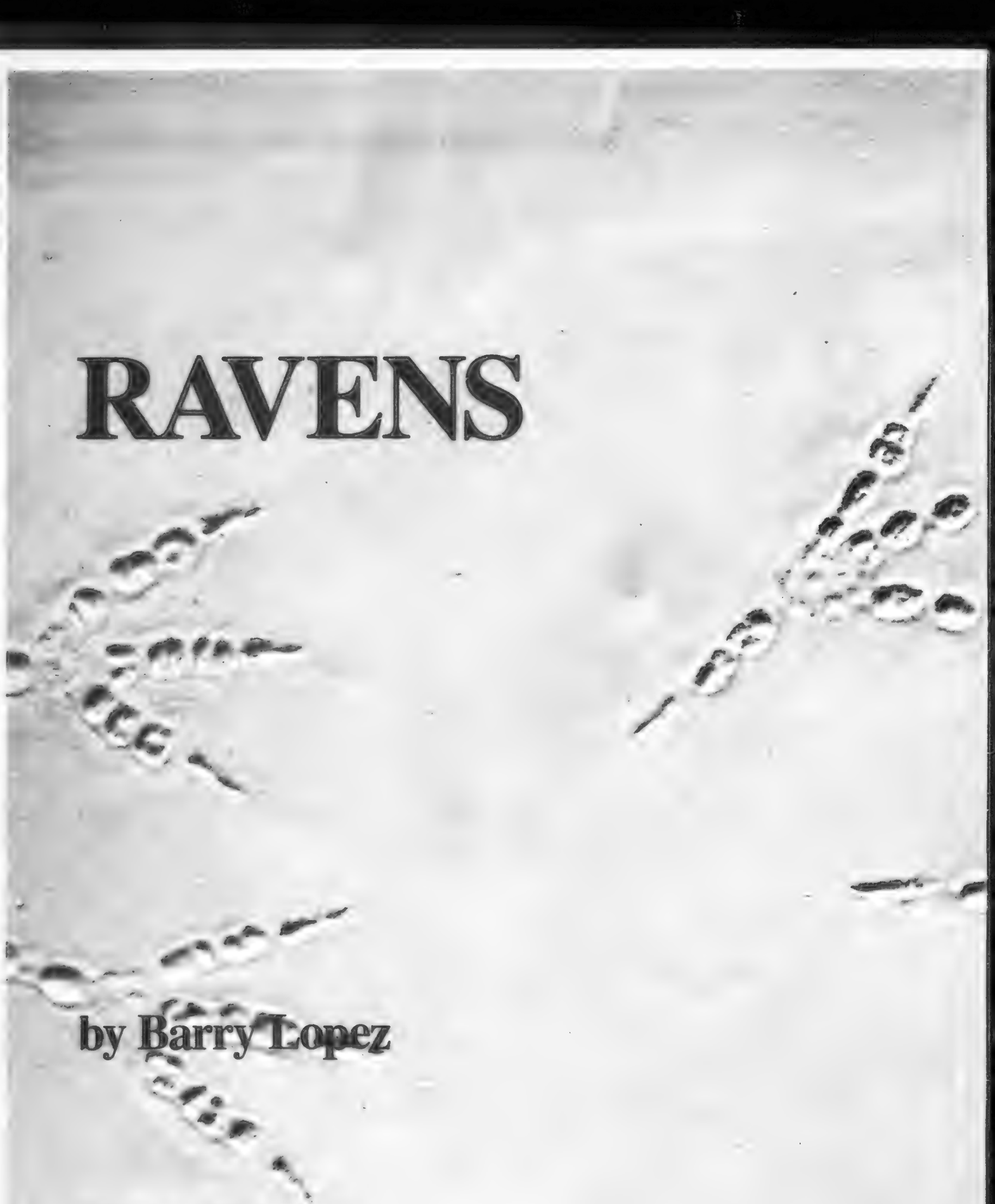
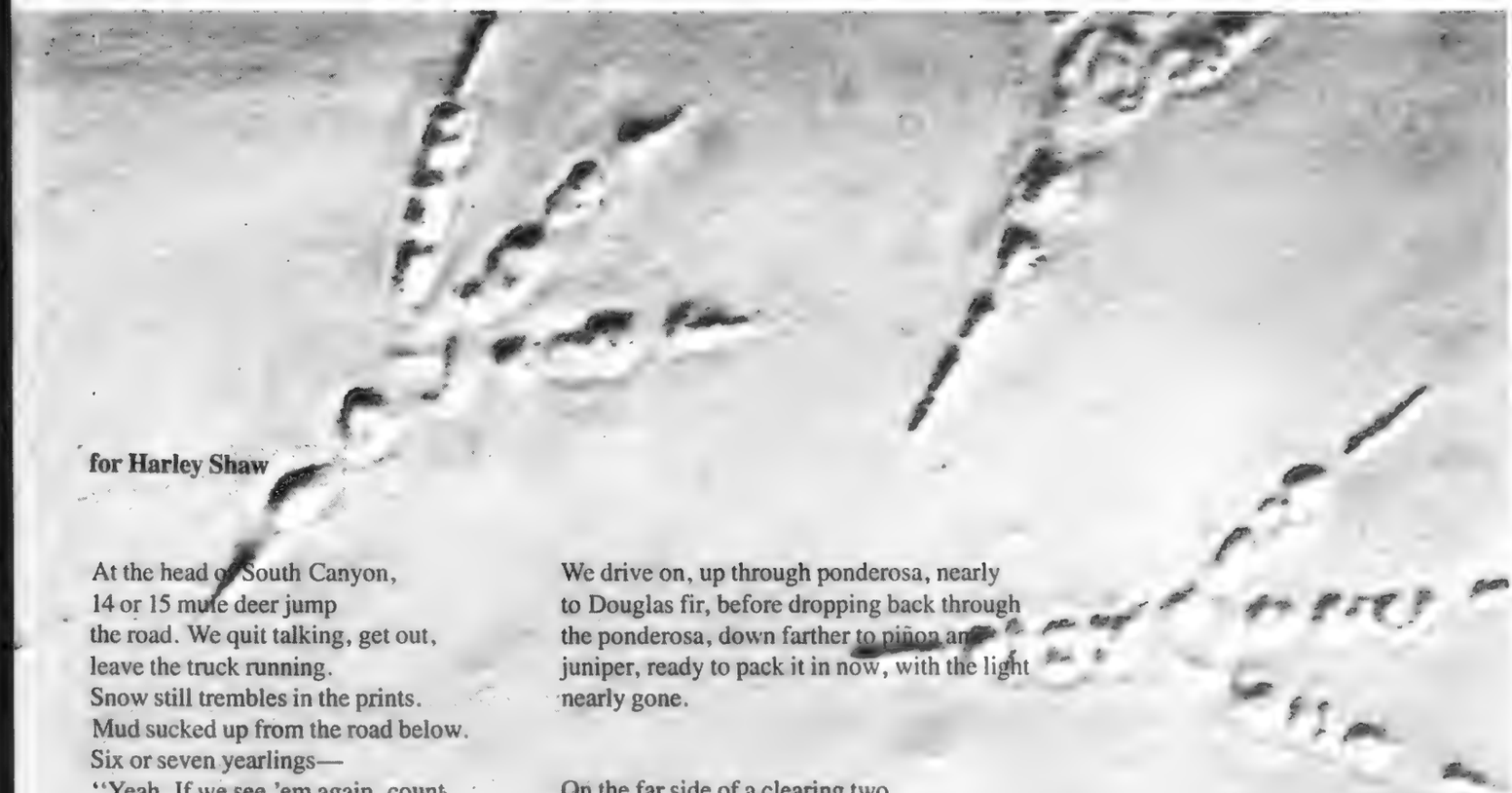


by Barry Lopez

Barry Lopez, *the author of* Winter Count, *is working on a book about the Arctic. (See his "Out of a Desert Landscape" in* AMERICAN WEST *for March/April 1982.)*



for Harley Shaw

At the head of South Canyon,
14 or 15 mule deer jump
the road. We quit talking, get out,
leave the truck running.
Snow still trembles in the prints.
Mud sucked up from the road below.
Six or seven yearlings—
"Yeah. If we see 'em again, count
the fawns. I'll get the rest."

You want to know, exactly.

We've been looking for lion tracks
since morning. But it's going to snow
the afternoon and finish us.
Any track we find now will be
fresh as breath.

We drove this whole day under
a leaden Arizona sky; you hanging over
the wheel, staring left out the window,
watching for sign. Any trace. You expect
no lion this far east on the Kaibab;
but you'd like to be sure.
We see rabbit, wild turkey and deer,
bobcat and coyote tracks. You get out
to study the bobcat's: one relative's
arcane hint. On ochre ground, blown free
of snow, the three-lobed print is faint,
weathered. With the tips of your fingers
you guess—four days ago.

We drive on, up through ponderosa, nearly
to Douglas fir, before dropping back through
the ponderosa, down farther to piñon and
juniper, ready to pack it in now, with the light
nearly gone.

On the far side of a clearing two
or three ravens pop from tree tips and sink.
More. Maybe twenty . . . at the edge of a clearing
like that. We're both thinking the same thing.
Leave the truck in the road. The long walk up
the slope, hurrying toward the dark trees
without a word, fists balled in our pockets,
heads pulled into our jackets, but not feeling
the cold. It feels just right—a lion kill.
Up there. Certain.

We separate as we draw close, out of instinct,
to come at it from different angles. My chest
dries up. I move slow, cocked. My eyes cut
every shadow. I strain for odor, and sound.
We meet, taut as new fence wire—nothing
but three-toed prints here. Piñon nuts cracked
and scattered. Still, we look around intently.
Finally, in the dusk-gray light, you
push back your hat and blink. We smile, and
turn back. Fooled by ravens. Even you.

PHOTO BY MARK ROSSI

DUE TO A LACK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRAST BETWEEN TEXT AND BACKGROUND, THIS PAGE DID NOT REPRODUCE WELL.

so much. With today's crazy fast pace, AMERICAN WEST offers an oasis to think about what's important. If I leave the business world in Chicago, can I work for you?

Diane Fenlon
Chicago, Illinois

We read your magazine with interest in each issue. However, for shame—a magazine published by a Buffalo Bill Memorial Assoc. and to date this year has not published an article about Buffalo Bill, especially since it being the 100th anniversary of his Wild West Show.

To be truthful this was my purpose for the subscription. We are 5th generation Cody's and would like to see more articles published *in favor* of the contributions he made to our U.S. history instead of all the articles telling of the "bad" personal times he had. We all have bad times, but when one adds to the historical background of our country he deserves more credit. Let's see something before the year is out.

Mrs. D. W. Brown
Joliet, Illinois

I am Black—why does everyone ignore the cowboy roles that Blacks played in the West? It would make interesting reading. Characters such as "Dead Eye Dick" and "Isom Dart."

Eddie L. Wright
Flint, Michigan

Regardless of what anyone writes about AMERICAN WEST, as long as it has Cowboy and Indian pictures in color, I'll buy it. That's all I look at; the pictures.

Thanks for a very good magazine.

Lily Moeller
San Leandro, California

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

Coming soon in American West

PHOTO BY R VALENTINE ATKINSON

Our March/April issue will display the winning photographs in AMERICAN WEST's first **photo contest,** planned to be an annual affair. Approximately 1,000 entries were submitted by our photographer friends.

We are inaugurating a special **Travel/Events Calendar** that will appear twice a year, in the March/April and the September/October issues. It will tell our readers about unusual and enjoyable happenings in Western states, including telephone numbers where more information is available.

Paul Schullery probes the mystique of **fly fishing,** describing the devotion of those committed to this art, and telling our readers how and where they might enjoy this ancient activity.

In "River Rafting and the Boatperson's Calendar," Peter Skafte tells us about the ghost voices of the first people to run a Western river in a **rubber raft.**

Come join us and enjoy.

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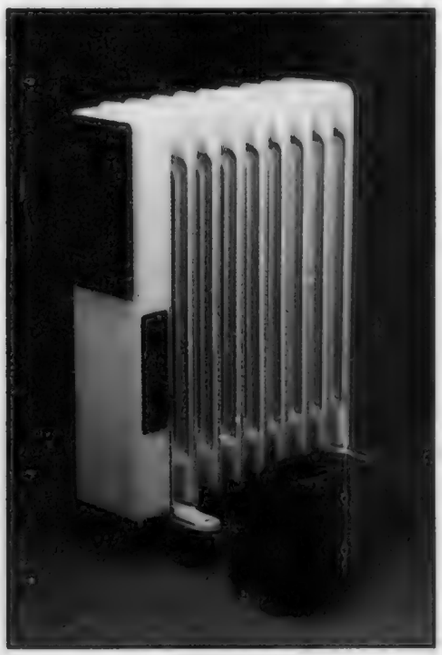
THINKING MAN'S THERMOSTAT

The basic method for reducing home heating costs is setback — turning down the thermostat at night and whenever you are out of the house for a few hours. The thinking man's thermostat — with a built-in microprocessor unit — lets you program the temperature you want and the time you want it, so the house is warm when you step out of bed. As for the "thinking," the unit senses the rate of heat loss for the house, so it turns on the furnace earlier on very cold mornings, later on warmer mornings. The program can accommodate 6 different temperature settings each day through a cycle of 7 days, so it is no problem to set up different schedules for workdays and weekends. Programming is simple — accomplished with a single button — but provides all the flexibility you need to tailor home heating/cooling to your particular schedule and lifestyle. Best of all, you can install it yourself in place of your present thermostat in about 10 minutes. No wiring to the furnace, just fasten existing thermostat wires to a color-coded connector panel. The thermostat works just as effectively with central air conditioning. **$79.00** ($3.95) #A855.



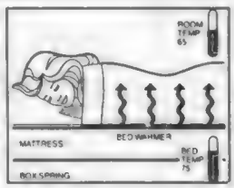
ROLLING RADIATOR

Americans have finally caught on to the concept of space heating. The result has made portable electric heaters popular and affordable household appliances (two years ago they were selling for almost twice the price). Our choice for space heating is the Welbilt, a solid, all-steel electric radiator made in Italy. This unit has three heat settings (600w, 900w and 1500w) and provides a maximum of 5100 BTUs at the highest setting. It's filled with a special diathermic oil that heats up quickly, cools slowly and never needs replacing. A built-in thermostat responds to changing room temperatures turning the heater on and off automatically. This heater never gets dangerously hot, making it perfect for a child's bedroom or playroom. This unit has four wide base wheels for easy room-to-room portability and nine heat fins for maximum heating efficiency. It comes in a neutral off-white color, weighs 37 lbs., is UL listed and costs only **$89.00** ($12.95) #A886. An identical model (shown) with the advantage of a programmable 24-hour timer costs **$115.00** ($12.95) #A885.

EASY CHARGE

Your car battery is dead. How would you like to recharge the battery and start the car *without ever even opening the hood?* Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. You just plug one end of the Easy Charge into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16′ cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. The Easy Charge is small enough to fit in the glove compartment. **$20.00** ($2.95) #A629. Two for **$37.00** ($3.95) #A6292.

HEAT SHEETS



In general the human body is warmer than the air surrounding it. The principle of using layers of blankets at night is to trap in as much of the natural body heat as possible. But blankets don't always do the job they are supposed to do. Most blankets are made of woven fibers so there are little spaces to let the heat escape. Since heat travels upwards (and the blankets are on top of us), the heat escapes to warm the ceiling. Now comes the Con-Serv energy-saving bed warmer, a thermolined mattress pad that radiates body heat to warm your bed from the mattress up! Makes sense to us, since if the heat is going to travel upwards, let it travel up around your body. The bed warmer uses no electricity, so it's safe for small children. You can turn down the room thermostat at night and remain nice and cozy in the natural warmth of your bed. As far as care goes, this bed warmer is stain and moisture-resistant, wipes clean with a damp cloth. (You even save on the cost of machine washing and drying.) Available in two sizes: Single/Twin, 36x60″, **$10.00** ($1.95) #A392. Double/Queen, 60x60″, **$12.00** ($1.95) #A393. Two single/twin warmers for use on king size beds cost **$14.00** ($2.95) #A931.

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

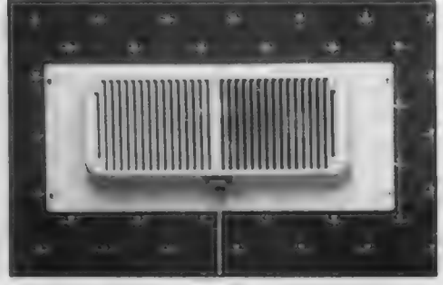
MORE SENSIBLE SCISSORS

Joyce Chen's kitchen utility scissors were the first we saw that truly honored the principles by which scissors operate. Most multi-purpose scissors are made backwards, with small handles and long blades. What you really need are large handgrips and relatively short blades, so you can exert maximum leverage the entire length of the blade with perfect control. The kitchen scissors

proved the case so well that now Mrs. Chen has added three more models to the line. In each case the blades are made of high carbon tool steel honed to a fine edge and given a black anti-rust, anti-stain finish. Blade configuration is tailored to purpose. The *Household* scissors (shown in white) have a 3" cut, rounded safety tips, cut fabric, cardboard or twine and cost **$10.00** ($2.95) #A901 each. The *Handyman* scissors (shown in blue) are slightly heavier, have a shorter 2¼" cut for greater leverage and tapered tips for getting into tight places. They can be used on rubber, plastic, or wood and cost **$10.00** ($2.95) #A900. The *Garden* scissors (shown in red) are slenderer than the others for reaching into plant and flower growth. The pivot has been placed further out on the blades, giving a 2" cut with extra leverage for cutting tough flower stems, pruning and trimming cleanly. They cost **$10.00** ($2.95) #A902. All 3 models are superbly crafted and can be ordered together for **$27.00** ($3.95) #A903.

IMPROVE YOUR CIRCULATION

Good air circulation throughout your home means increased comfort and heating efficiency. But every home has its problems, whether it's high ceilings, unusually large rooms or later additions. Here are two excellent ways to help *direct* air and *balance* temperature. The **room-to-room temperature balancing fan** (shown above) mounts high in the frame of a doorway (doors can still be closed) where it recirculates warm air down into the room. The fan has a 110 volt motor with a 10 foot cord and an in-line switch. It measures 5½" x 5" x 3½". **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397. The **register fan** (shown below) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The booster fan (actually it is two small 4" fans running together) fits all registers up to 6" x 14" and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9' of cord and costs **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536. We also offer the room-to-room fan and the register fan as a set for **$60.00** ($6.95) #A667.



BOOKLIGHT

Here's a new tool that will brighten the life of any book-reader. It is a light that clips right on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong light ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit over 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two swivel joints and a special distortion-free lead crystal optical bulb. The Booklight comes with a battery pack (batteries not included), AC adapter, 8' cord and spare bulb all neatly packaged in a box that looks like a book. **$29.00** ($3.95) #A685. An identical booklight without the battery pack costs **$20.00** ($3.95) #A934.

FIRE GLOVES

There is almost nothing too hot to handle with these gloves. Outside they are chrome split cowhide, specially softened and dyed an attractive golden brown. Inside is a non-asbestos insulating felt inner glove. The glove-within-a-glove design gives maximum heat protection for working around fireplaces, wood stoves, coal stoves, furnaces, bar-b-ques — anyplace or anything that is HOT! The gloves are a full 14" long, extending protection to mid-forearm, and are exceptionally well-made: welted inside seams, wing-cut thumb for better mobility and wear, hanging loops. Wearing them protects hands not only from heat, but also splinters, bumps, bruises, pinched fingers as well as dirt and grime. The price is **$16.00** ($3.95) #A884.

AIR QUALITY CONTROL

We've discovered two excellent products to make the air in your home fresher, cleaner and healthier. The Orbit (shown top) does the job by negative ionization. Most of the garbage in the air — smoke particles, bacteria, mildew, fungus spores, dust, pollen — carries a slight positive electrical charge. Most room surfaces also have a positive charge. Since like charges repel, the particles never have a chance to settle anywhere. Now introduce a stream of negative ions into the room air. The negative charge attaches to the tiny particles in the air which are then attracted to the surrounding positively charged surfaces and thus precipitated out of the air. Negative ions are also well known for their

presumed psychological good effects, creating a sense of well being such as comes from standing next to a waterfall. The Orbit air purifier has a positively charged removable and washable collector sleeve so much of the microscopic garbage lands right there. The solid state Orbit is only 7½"H x 3"D and costs **$79.00** (4.95) #A920. The Bionaire fresh air machines, shown below, combine negative ionizaton with a newly developed electret filter system that removes 99% of all particulant pollutants from the air. The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator, and fragrance dispenser so you can add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11" x 7" x 5", comes in a smoothly styled hard plastic case with woodgrain finish and costs **$125.00** (9.95) #A822. A larger model 1000 has three fan speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air. This unit measures 14" x 8" x 8½" with a lifetime steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs **$275.00** ($12.95) #A823. All of our air purifiers are UL listed.

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

WATERING WHIZ

Now you can water all your plants in a single trip with this handy indoor garden hose. This 50′ vinyl hose comes with a set of four adaptors that readily attach to most indoor and outdoor faucets. From there you just take the water where you want it — an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. There's a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage. The kit costs **$11.00** ($1.95) #A681. Two for **$19.00** ($2.95) #A6812.

ONE INCREDIBLE CLEANER

Simple Green is an oven cleaner. Bathroom cleaner. Window cleaner. Floor cleaner. Stain remover. Laundry pre-soak. Upholstery cleaner. Rug cleaner. Leather and vinyl cleaner. Simple Green is non-abrasive, non-caustic, low-phosphate and biodegradable. It has no bleach, ammonia or petroleum and is U.S.D.A. approved. This industrial strength cleaner is used in restaurants, car washes, hospitals, airlines and oil rigs. Simple Green emulsifies and suspends oil for cold-water rinse. It can be used on anything you use cold water on. We can send two 16 oz. spray bottles of Simple Green for **$9.00** ($2.95) #A698; two 16 oz. bottles plus a natural ocean sponge for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A828 or one gallon plus an ocean sponge for **$21.00** ($3.95) #A827.

DUST-MAGNETS™

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on lambswool dusters. On its own lambswool actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making these dusters just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. The standard 27″ long duster costs **$7.00** ($1.95) #A780; the bent-handled model is **$8.00** ($1.95) #A781; two mini-dusters cost **$8.00** ($1.95) #A794. The entire group, a total of four dusters, is an exclusive *Tools for Living* offering and costs just **$16.00** ($2.95) #A783. Buying the group saves you $9.90, it's almost like getting one duster free!

ULTRA-HUMIDIFIER

Here is a new approach to humidifying that is so revolutionary and inventive that it makes all other home humidifers obsolete. It's the ultra-sonic humidifier. We discovered it last fall in Japan and during home use last winter found its performance to be truly outstanding. It uses extremely high frequency sound waves to break up water into a fine mist that carries and diffuses exceptionally well. One tabletop unit can humidify an entire 1500 sq. ft. apartment or house. It is also ultra-safe — the vapor stream is cold (even though it looks like hot steam) so it is impossible to get a burn. It is ultra-quiet — virtually noiseless, unlike conventional humidifiers. It is ultra-portable — measures only 14″ x 6″ x 9″, weighs under 12 lbs. and has a convenient carry handle. The removable reservoir holds one gallon of water, refillable at any sink and runs for 10-12 hours on a filling. This humidifier by Bionaire has a humidstat control (low, medium or high) and shuts off automatically when it reaches the desired humidity level. Emitting nozzle swivels 360° and the unit shuts off automatically when empty or tipped over. **$149.00** ($10.95) #A888.

GIFT CERTIFICATES

Give the gift that's always appreciated — a *Tools for Living* gift certificate! These handsomely embossed certificates are accompanied by a one year subscription to the *Tools for Living* catalog. The catalogs are filled with over 200 diverse, carefully selected products. Prices range from $10 to $1000 and each item is backed by our 30 day 100% satisfaction guarantee. As a bonus we'll enclose your own personalized card, simply send it with your order. Gift certificates are available in denominations of $25, $50 and $100. Order item #A906.

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Western Snapshots Today

The "shinin' times" of the pre–1840 fur-trade era are recaptured at this 1979 rendezvous in western Montana. In those early years, Rocky Mountain trappers used to gather at a rendezvous once a year to sell their furs, buy supplies and extravagances sent up from Saint Louis, and have a riotous time. At this modern rendezvous, "mountain men" and their families from all parts of the country—as well as Europe and Australia—came together for the annual event. During the week-long encampment, they lived in tipis and lean-tos, cooked over open fires, and wore clothing of the time.

The photograph shows a few of the more than 500 camps, reflecting the peace and serenity of a period when life was hard but not quite so hectic. The unknown buckskinners in the foreground are astride the only acceptable form of transportation (aside from Shank's Mare) and may be bartering "plews [beaver skins] for plunder," which was the reason for the original rendezvous.

Trade is still a major part of the rendezvous, although music and relaxation are treasured as well. Friendships are made and renewed, and the patrolling "dog soldiers" assure that no "flatlanders" will intrude. The only modern items permitted (but required to be kept out of sight when not in use) are cameras and toilet paper.

This Western Snapshot Today was sent in by Kathy Hellman of Venice, California. She took the photograph a little after 9:00 P.M. with a hand-held Canon AE-1 set on automatic and loaded with Tri-X film.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West—the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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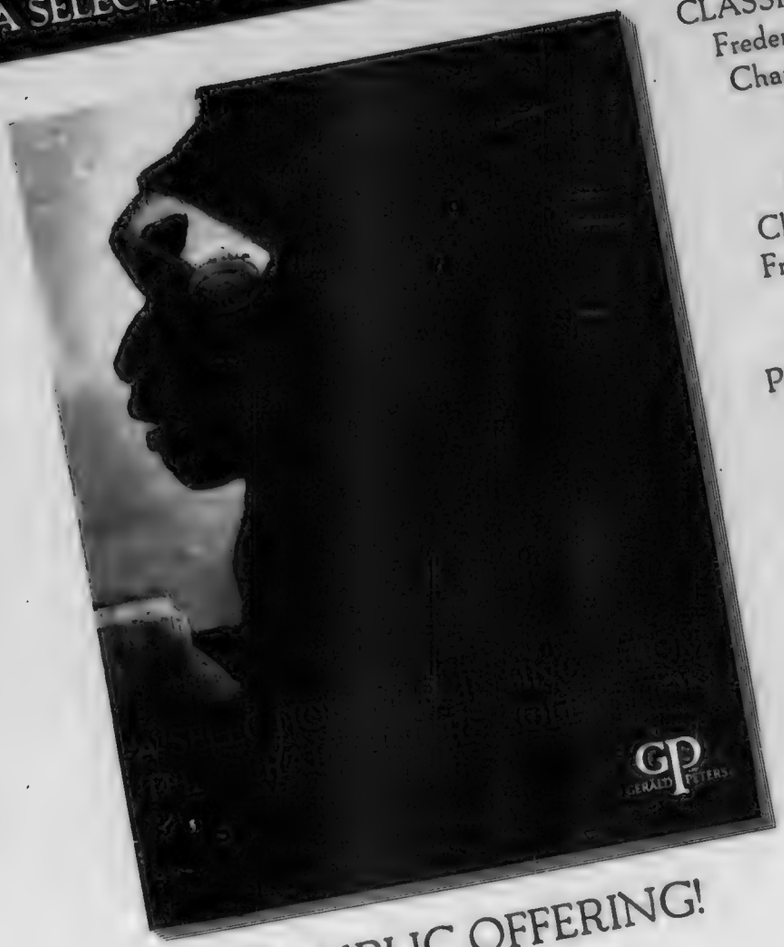

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

The Tonopah, Nevada, Fire Department stops to pose for an informal portrait inside the firehouse around 1914. Don and Roc, beautiful dappled greys, are hitched to a shiny fire wagon, ready to pull Chief Henry "Poke" Kelly and his nephew, Harry Callahan Kelly, wherever the Chief might care to go.

When the photograph was taken, Don and Roc provided transportation for the fire department, and these faithful horses never missed a fire. Not much later, when the town purchased its first motorized fire truck, Don and Roc were sold to the local garbage man, and when the fire whistle blew, "it was a sight to behold." Those two valiant chargers ran as fast as they could each time the alarm sounded, with garbage flying in every direction.

The little girl all dressed up in her fancy silk bonnet and coat and high-buttoned shoes is the Chief's daughter, Sadie Virginia. She stands with her cousin, John Morris Kelly, and holds hands with her uncle, William J. Sinclair—former fire chief and the first postmaster of Tonopah. Bert Ritter sports a polka-dot tie, James Burke stands on the running board of the wagon, and King Pierce is behind the boy, John Kelly. The people all managed to stay still for the long photographic exposure, but Don and Roc just couldn't keep from fidgeting.

Marilyn Kelly Ornbaum of Arbuckle, California, contributed this charming snapshot. She is the daughter of the boy, Harry Kelly.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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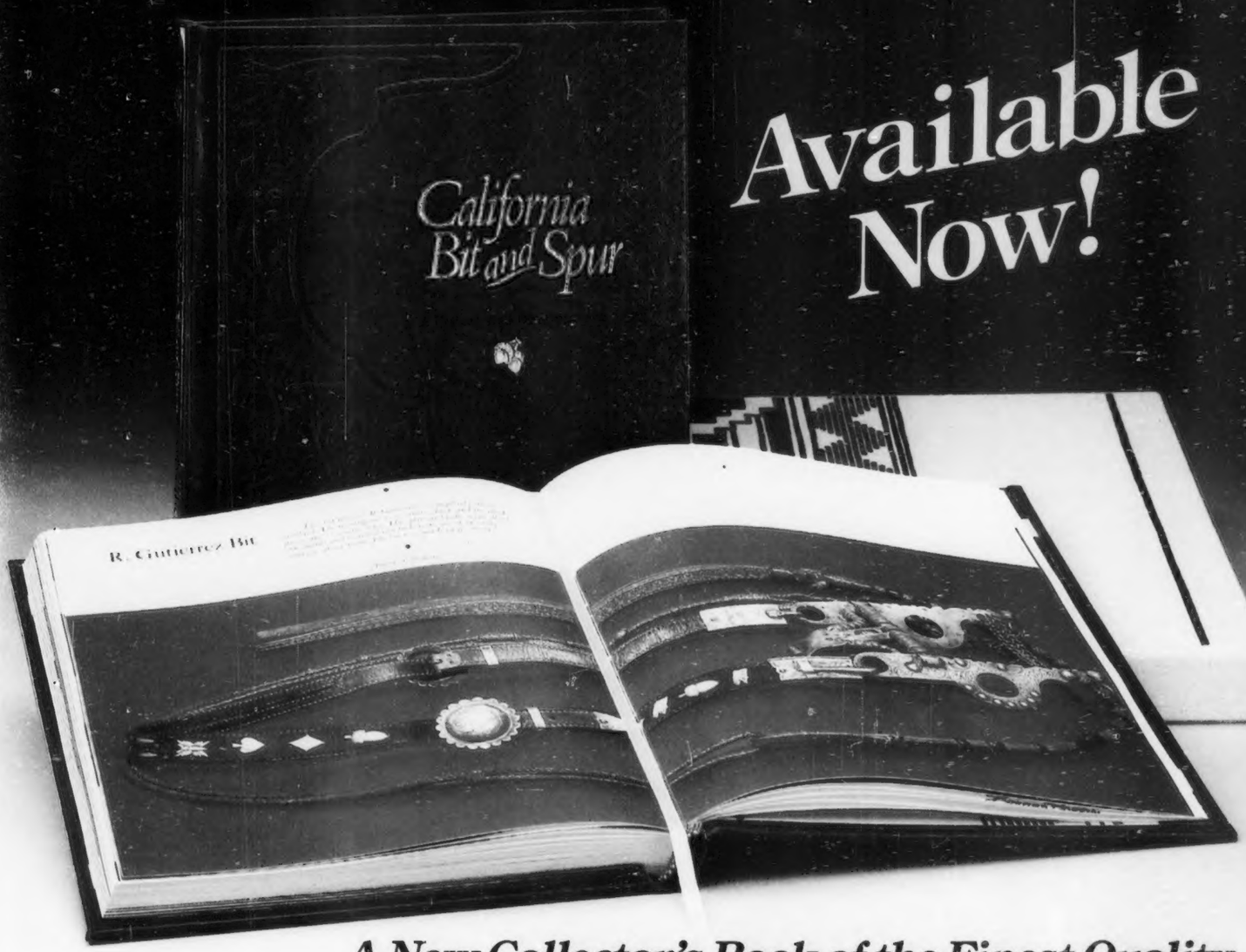

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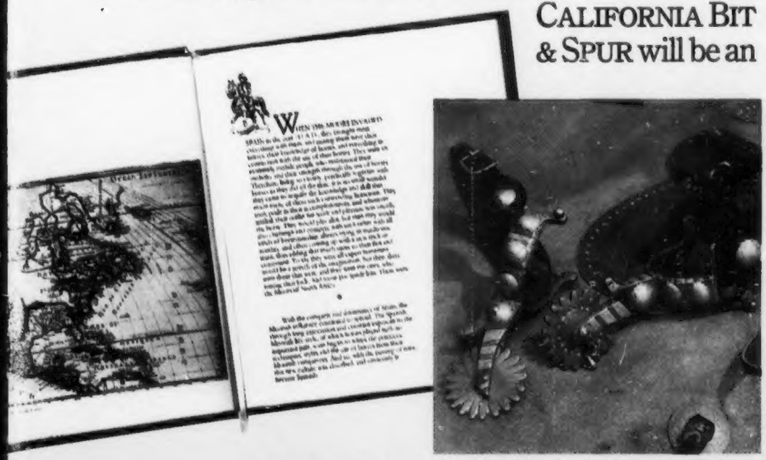

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The 1984 Artist of the Year

"Grandfather, Give Us Your Children"

17"x34"

Ned Jacob

The first full-color reproduction of his work ever permitted by the artist, this painting vividly captures these Shoshone Indians in prayer before setting out on a bighorn sheep hunt. Jacob's realistic portrayals of the world's vanishing peoples have deservedly gained him much national recognition.

Previous Artists of the Year

Featured prints from previous Artists of the Year include the work of Joe Beeler, Paul Dyck, Wilson Hurley, Fred Kabotie, R. Brownell McGrew, James Reynolds, Ross Stefan, Bettina Steinke, Ray Swanson and Olaf Wieghorst.

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